

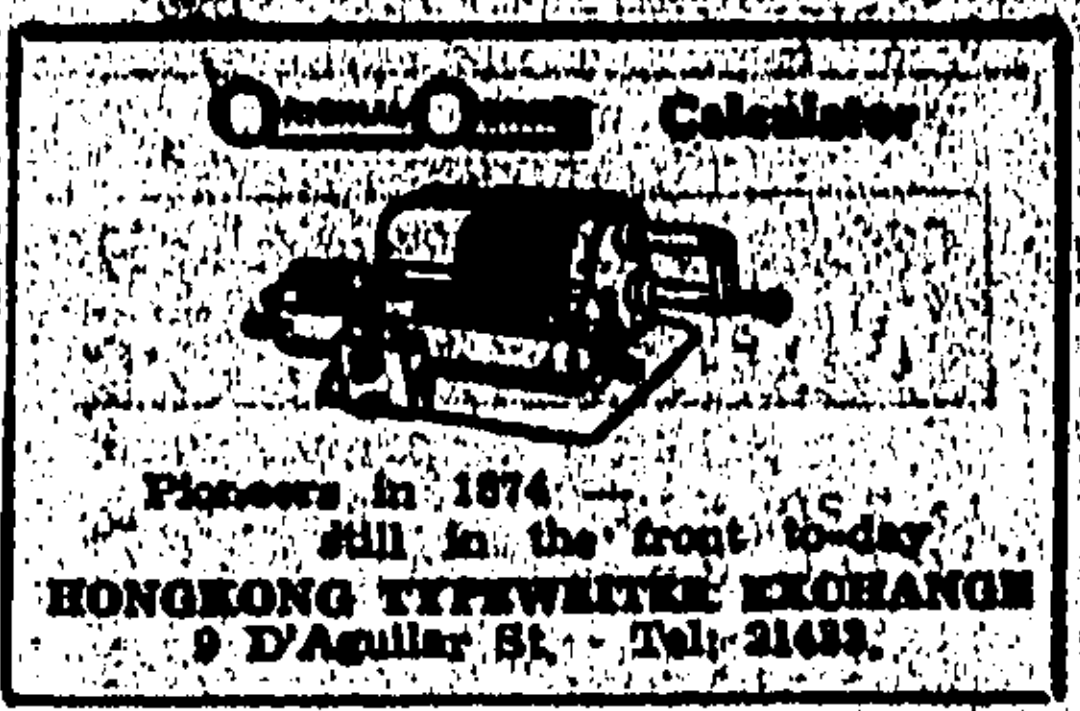


CHINA MAIL

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COMMENT OF THE DAY

The Bomb

NEW and possibly more powerful atomic weapons are likely to be tested in the Pacific again next year. With a Japanese fisherman still lingering between life and death after being showered by atomic ash from the last tests in May, it is reasonable to expect the American authorities to take special precautions next year. If the bombs are to be more powerful, a much wider danger area will have to be proclaimed and adequate warnings given to avoid endangering human life. Inevitably the question will be asked: "How much longer are these tests going to continue, how much longer are America and Russia going to continue making atomic bombs?" It is satisfying to note that American atomic policy has undergone a notable change in recent years—the results of which are being seen today. Russia has refused to take part in the American-sponsored world pool for the peaceful use of atomic energy, but America is going ahead with the proposal. Britain and Canada are profiting from the plan already; Belgium and other West European countries should be participating later this year. Atomic energy is now no longer the exclusive monopoly of the big powers—it is being developed sensibly in the interests of industrial progress and human welfare. The bomb however still poses a dreadful threat. Scientists have given a grim warning that the human race "could not stand more than a few thousand atomic explosions." One long atomic war would therefore mean the end of civilization. Does not that single fact mean anything to Russia and America? As long as there is no agreement on the control of production of atomic weapons, stockpiles will grow bigger and bigger—and warmongers are hysterical people who never consider the cost in human lives and devastation. A war will last just as long as there are bombs to drop. If war is to be avoided, the present impasse will have to be broken. One country will have to take the drastic step of announcing that it will produce no more, as a first step to the bomb's ultimate abolition. America should take this step now and begin new negotiations with the Russians from that point. It would at least demonstrate to the world their earnest desire to bring the present miserable tension to some sensible conclusion.

NEW U.S. MOVE ON PLANE INCIDENT

International Court May Hear Claim

Red Network Discovered In Persia

Teheran, Sept. 10. Persian security forces have uncovered a ring of army, air force and police officers, financed by and working under the direct orders of Moscow, Persian Intelligence and Foreign Embassy sources said today. The officers occupied trusted positions close to the Shah and the Prime Minister General Zohdi, the sources said. Since dawn on September 7, security officers have arrested between 250 and 300 officers and civilians after breaking the spy codes, the sources added. The arrest on August 16 of a Persian civilian carrying a suitcase led to the discovery of the spy network, Reuters. But three Persians and one foreign official—each well qualified by Army connections to base opinions on the recent arrests here—provided an identical account when questioned separately. They said: "Resulting from the arrest of a civilian on August 16 by police men on the lookout for a petty thief, the security forces stumbled on a coded list of what obviously appeared to be the names of service officials. Persian specialists broke the code and security forces raided the homes of 65 service officials between August 19 and 26. FURTHER REPORTS "These raids yielded further coded reports and lists of names. Despite rigorous questioning, the arrested officers did not divulge any incriminating evidence but Persian specialists finally broke all the codes on September 6. There reported to give the names of a ring of army police and air force officers, vowing allegiance to Moscow who had infiltrated positions of the highest trust and who were capable of carrying out a coup if ordered," they said.—Reuters.

Agonising Reappraisal?

Washington, Sept. 10. President Eisenhower, his Secretary of State, Mr. John Foster Dulles and the National Security Council will this Sunday make the United States long awaited "agonising reappraisal" of the problems of German treatment and European security created by France's rejection of the European Defence Community scheme, it was learned today.

New York, Sept. 10. The United States delegate to the Security Council, Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge, said today that his Government would be prepared to let its claim against Russia over the shooting down of a Neptune plane last Saturday go to the International Court of Justice.

The issue of the shooting of the Navy plane came before the Security Council where Mr. Andrei Vyshinsky, the Russian delegate, objected to its consideration.

He said the United States had "deliberately distorted" it for purposes of provocation.

Mr. Lodge told the Council that the judicial processes of the Court offered the best means of resolving cases of this type and told reporters outside the Chamber that his Government would be prepared to let its claims go to the court.

It is believed that most Western delegates favour this line of action. Asked if he would move a resolution referring it, he replied: "Not today." He told the Council his Government was ready to find "peaceful means of solving such problems and he did not ask for a condemnation of the Soviet Union.

Sen. Knowland Wants US To Guard Quemoy

Fern, California, Sept. 10. The Senate majority leader, Senator William Knowland (Republican, California), today advocated the use of the U.S. Seventh Fleet if necessary to prevent the Chinese from taking the Nationalist-held island of Quemoy.

He told a press conference the loss of the island to the Communists would have the same effect on the morale of the free world as the fall of Dien Bien Phu in Indo-China. "From a military point of view, we might be able to lose Quemoy and still hold Formosa," he said, "but from a morale point of view it would be a stepping stone toward Formosa for the Chinese Communists. I do not believe it would be in our national interests to see the Communists move out into the Pacific."—Reuters.

London, Sept. 10. The New China News Agency said today 18 people were killed or wounded and 14 houses destroyed in the bombing by Nationalist planes in Fukien Province on the mainland opposite Formosa on September 7. Four people on board a steamer off the Fukien coast were killed or wounded on the same day. One Nationalist plane was shot down and another damaged during raids on the mainland port of Amoy today.—Reuters.

Soviet Envoy Would Not Look At Gun

Glasgow, Sept. 10. The Soviet Ambassador, Mr. Jacob Malik, did not want to have anything to do with an anti-tank gun while touring the Scottish Industries Exhibition today, and announced "I am a man of peace."

"I do not want to see that," he told his guides with regard to the gun. Mr. Malik and his wife were visiting Scotland for the first time and were touring the exhibition when the incident happened over the recalcitrant anti-tank gun on display.—United Press.

Roman Temple Found In London

London, Sept. 10. Archaeologists digging in the shadow of St. Paul's Cathedral announced today the discovery of a well-preserved Roman temple built there 18 centuries ago.

It is the first identifiable remains of such a structure in London and provides "vastly important new knowledge" on Britain's past, historians said. They said the temple dated from about 180 A.D. when Emperor Marcus Aurelius was ruling. The temple, complete with altar and other stone, lay in the ruins of an office building in the very centre of London's inner city. W. F. Grimes, director of the London Excavation Council, announced the find after 15 months' digging by scientists. They worked alongside steam shovels preparing the way for the new building.—United Press.

Cambodia Not Joining SEATO

Phnom Penh, Sept. 10. The Cambodian Premier Phnom said today his country did not intend to join the Southeast Asia Treaty Organisation at present.—France-Press.

Red China Names Charge d'Affaires For London

London, Sept. 10. People's China announced tonight that Mr. Huan Hsiang, head of the West Europe and African Department of the Foreign Ministry, has been appointed Charge d'Affaires in London.

The announcement was contained in a New China News Agency dispatch received here. He becomes China's first diplomatic representative in any nation of the Western alliance though China is already represented in India, Burma, Sweden, Finland and Switzerland. Mr. Huan was a member of the Chinese delegation to the recent Geneva conference on Korea and Indo-China, at which Mr. Chou En-lai, Chinese Premier, and Mr. Anthony Eden, British Foreign Secretary, discussed the appointment of a Chinese Charge d'Affaires in London. The Chinese Embassy in London, a large house near Regent's Park, has been empty since the Nationalist Chinese left in 1950.—Reuters.

BIG HURRICANE THREATENS U.S. EAST COAST

New York, Sept. 10. Only a miracle can save New York from being struck head on tomorrow by "one of the worst hurricanes in the New York Weather Bureau's history," the Bureau announced tonight.

People in the New York and New England coastal areas were warned that the season's 5th hurricane, accompanied by winds of 115 miles an hour at centre, might be worse than the one which killed more than 60 people 11 days ago.

Military planes were being moved inland from the coast and warships left harbour to ride out the storm at sea. The Red Cross reported its disaster relief workers were "preparing for the worst."

A Weather Bureau spokesman predicted that the hurricane would bring a "lot of rain, a very high tide, and a lot of trouble." Winds might reach 75 miles an hour before 1200 GMT (tomorrow). Skies over Mount Pin, at the tip of Long Island, were already reported "grey and eerie" tonight, and the wind was ominously warm.

BATTERED DOWN

Very rough seas were reported in the Atlantic between the coast and the eye of the hurricane, last reported about 200 miles south of Cape Hatteras, North Carolina. Small craft were scuttling for safety as the storm advanced. Amusement and retirement business on the seashore battered down their establishments and holiday-makers were leaving the Long Island and New Jersey coasts for places further inland. Storm warnings have been hoisted from the Carolinas in the south to Maine. New York shops are selling out of candles and paraffin lamps as the city waits for the hurricane's approach.—Reuters.

Cambodia Not Joining SEATO

Phnom Penh, Sept. 10. The Cambodian Premier Phnom said today his country did not intend to join the Southeast Asia Treaty Organisation at present.—France-Press.

Japanese Forces To Be Expanded

Washington, Sept. 10. General Keizo Hayashi, chairman of Japan's Joint Staff Council, said today that Japanese ground forces would gradually take over "first phase" of the defence of Japan.

General Hayashi said his visit to the United States had been to promote mutual understanding and co-operation between the two countries for the sound development of Japan's self defence organisation. He gave this pin-point picture of Japan's present and projected army strength at a press conference. "Army: At present Japan has 120,000 ground forces, which will be increased to 150,000 by March next year. This force will be increased further during the next fiscal year but the size of the increase had not yet been decided."

Navy: Known as Japan's maritime force, Japan's new navy consisted of 10,000 men, with 50,000 tons of shipping, including 18 frigates, and a large number of light troop-carrying craft. This is expected to increase to 15,000 men, with a tonnage of 60,000, including four destroyers, supplied by the United States by March next year.

HALF JETS

Air Force: This service came into being only on July 1 and consists of a few helicopters and light training planes. But General Hayashi said that by March next year there would be about 230 aircraft, with up to half of them jet fighters. General Hayashi said Japan was "keenly interested" in atomic weapons research and in development of guided missiles. But at the moment she was doing no more than studying reports of advances in these fields.—Reuters.

This Week's China Mail Features

Here is a guide to your week-end reading:
P. 5: Have Gramophone Records Had Their Day? The Beatles—The Town on Earth—the story of Las Vegas, that fascinating gambling haunt in America's Nevada desert.
P. 6: Lustgarten writes about the scandal which involved a Prime Minister of England—The Times that Caught Mr. Frost; Tom Stacey, an Old Etonian, discovers more secrets about Africa.
P. 7: George Whiting writes about Joe Louis and his problems with the tax man in his personal series "Where Are the Stars of the Ring Today?" "Scribble" has written another fascinating article on analysing handwriting.
P. 8: "The Big Spender"—the story of playboys and playgirls in "The French Riviera."
But first of all turn to P. 4 for the year's finest Royal picture!

New Vaccines May End Measles

London, Sept. 10. Sir Alexander Fleming, British scientist who discovered penicillin, said here today that vaccine experiments were being conducted which might lead to the extinction of some diseases, such as measles.

Scientists were learning more about vaccine protectors from viruses and he predicted that in another 50 years time, some of the microbes which now endangered public health would have disappeared.

Sir Alexander Fleming was speaking at a press conference at St. Mary's Hospital medical school held to celebrate the publishing today of a book by another leading medical man, Sir Zachary Cope, on the history of the School over the last 100 years. Later this year, the School will be officially celebrating its centenary.

Important work being carried out at the School in the field of transferring "in-efficient" arteries was explained by the Professor of Medicine, Professor G. Pickering. He said that Dr. C. Bob, Professor of Surgery, had been doing research work in transferring good arteries from people who had recently died to live people, suffering from blocked arteries.—C.M. Special.

KING'S PRINCESS EMPIRE

At 2.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.30 p.m. At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m. At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.

GRAND OPENING TO-DAY

DANNY'S FUNNIEST...
One of the most hilarious musicals of all time!

DANNY KAYE

KNOCK ON WOOD
Color by TECHNICOLOR

Co-starring **MAI ZETTERLING**
Choreography by SYLVIA FINE
Words, Music and Lyrics by NORMAN PANAMA
A Paramount Picture

ON WIDE SCREEN AT KING'S & PRINCESS

KING'S
SUNDAY MORNING SHOW AT 11.30 A.M.
Warner Bros. presents Alfred Hitchcock's
"STRANGERS ON A TRAIN"
Starring Farley Granger • Ruth Roman • Robert Walker
At Reduced Prices: \$1.00 & \$1.50

PRINCESS

TO-MORROW AT 11.00 A.M.
Full-Length Technicolor Cartoon
"THE ROSE OF BAGHDAD"
7 Song Hits — At \$1.50 & \$1.00

TO-MORROW AT 12.20 P.M.
A Top Arabic Costume Musical Adventure
"LAILA"
Starring: SHAKILA, DILJIT, HIRALAL, NOOR and DURGA KHOTE
With English Subtitles • At Regular Prices

SUNDAY MORNING SHOW AT 12.30 p.m.
EMPIRE
ROBERT NEWTON • LINDA DARNELL
in
"BLACKBEARD THE PIRATE"
COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR
At Reduced Prices: \$1.00 & 70 Cts.

RITZ
Air Conditioned
ON OUR NEW GIANT PANORAMIC SCREEN

ALFRED HITCHCOCK'S
"DIAL M for Murder"
WARNERCOLOR
RAY MILLAND • GRACE KELLY • ROBERT CUMMINGS • DIAL M for Murder
WARNER BROS. PRESENTS

FILMS—CURRENT AND COMING

By JANE ROBERTS

My sense of the fitness of things would have been better served if I had been able to say that to coincide with this week-end's celebration of the Moon Festival the HOOVER was going to let us see "The Moon Is Blue".

It's not very far away, however, as it's going to be shown at the end of next week. I haven't seen it yet—something that will be rectified before next week's film news is published and I'll have more to say about it then.

The HOOVER's present programme is "Sabaka" about which I told you last week and in the two-day interval before "The Moon Is Blue" you'll be able to see the British picture "Woman With No Name".

The CAPITOL and LIBERTY are getting set for a long run of "Rose Marie"—yet another version of the old faithful, with Ann Blyth in the title role.

The KING'S, PRINCESS and EMPIRE look like having an equally successful money spinner in Danny Kaye's "Knock On Wood".

The circus, in CinemaScope and WarnerColor comes to the QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA in "Ring of Fear" and introduces to us the detective story writer, Mickey Spillane.

Following the two outdoor documentaries, "Annaburna" and "Producers of The Everglades" at the LEE, is the western, "Silver Lode", and after that will come a French film "Par Ordre Du Tsar" (English title is "Stronger Than Love").

And finally, the last of the new first runs is "Demetrius And The Gladiators" in CinemaScope at the ROXY and BROADWAY.

"Woman With No Name" shows us Richard Burton in a small role, before he became the famous, much-sought-after person he is today.

The big names of the picture are Phyllis Calvert as the woman in question and Edward Underdown (the stiff Englishman of "Beat The Devil") as her husband. Richard Burton is also her husband, but in a different sort of way from Underdown.

Her trouble is that after an air raid she has a mental blackout, marries Burton, playing a Norwegian in the RAF, and then finds that her past begins to catch up with her.

A STORY TOO
"Rose Marie" must have been one of the first musicals to have really meaty story to augment the excellent songs and although in this new version the story is changed beyond recognition from the Jeanette MacDonald-Nelson Eddy film, it's still strong enough to sustain one's interest.

As this picture is billed first and foremost as a musical, let's look at it from this point of view to start with. As a musical I feel it failed, for whenever the principals or chorus burst into song, the music appeared to interfere with the action of the story.

In spite of having a really lovely voice, Ann Blyth's gestures while singing were wooden and stereotyped, and she'd have better to have stood, recitedly still to deliver her songs.

On the other hand, Howard Kool and the Mounties riding through the forest and forming up in the Fort still singing the Mounties' marching song made me hot and cold with embarrassment on their behalf—they looked incredibly silly and even their horses lowered their heads self-consciously.

The only man who seemed at home while singing was Fernando Lamas, the happy-go-lucky trapper, with whom Rose Marie falls in love.

The Telen Tom Tom song was omitted from the version I saw—there's a very wild Aboriginal dance performed by Joan Taylor as a Red Indian girl—but no song, although it's listed in the Press Book, and the same goes for Marjorie Main's song, "Love and Kisses".

Before I leave the sound part of "Rose Marie", a word about the way the voice of Howard Kool slipped about the screen in the beginning of the film—it sounded down later, but the effect in the beginning was startling, to say the least.

As a film without music enough, it would have been a very competent one. The songs

was breathtaking and the three stars performed well.
Ann Blyth's rather toothy beauty has never seemed to justify the pretty, pretty roles she's had in the past, but she's just right as Rose Marie. When we first see her, she's a half-wild French Canadian orphan wearing a Daniel Boone hat and a most ungainly leather jerkin.

Then later when she's lived with the Mounties and become almost one of them comes the transformation, as Lady Jane (Marjorie Main of all people) shows her how to dress and act like a young woman.
She sparkles as both the tomboy and the demure young lady and it's easy to imagine the rather humourless sergeant (Howard Keel) and the gay light-hearted trapper (Fernando Lamas) falling for her, one seeing her sweetness and the other her wildness.

I won't tell you which one of the two she chooses in the end—but I heartily concur.

CLEVER FOOLING
Very rarely do we see a film out here that is worthy of superlatives, but Danny Kaye's "Knock On Wood" is in a class of its own.
I'm not one of those people who breathe this comediah's name in awed worship or think he's a genius with an American accent, so I thought very carefully before mentally awarding him full marks for tasteful, clever fooling.

For this is why "KNOCK ON WOOD" is par excellence. There isn't a moment in it when the discomfort of knowing that a piece of bad taste is about to be perpetrated makes itself felt. It rates that badly overworked and misused expression, "good clean fun".

Danny Kaye, or his script producer, or perhaps his script writer (his wife Sylvia Fine) knows exactly when a situation has reached its climax and it's wisely left there. None of this milking each scene dry for every possible laugh that can be squeezed from it.

Possibly the funniest sequence of the whole thing is the one in which Danny is posing as a car salesman (a very glib English one) in order to escape the attentions of a whole gang of London policemen.

There's a little low red sports car parked outside the very elegant showroom and a rather large gentleman with more money than intelligence picks out Danny to demonstrate it. The newest of new models, it possesses every gadget imaginable, each one operated by a different knob. As you can visualise, the dashboard looks like the instrument panel of the Comet.

Kirk Douglas Likes To Live His Role

Some actors may be able to "walk right into" various roles, give convincing performances and then leave the characters as they walk off the set—but not Kirk Douglas.

Douglas says he isn't one of the "breezy actors" who can convert so easily to different roles. Douglas prefers to get in the mood of the role, even if it means living it.
This technique is not new to his present role in "Man Without a Star" for which he began by reading countless western novels, cowboy era histories and several hundred western pulp magazines.

Douglas spent weeks sparring in local gyms and associating with prize fighters in preparation for "Champion".
Three weeks were devoted to learning proper fencing on the trumpet for "Young Man with a Horn", and many discussions with top bullfighters Harry James were an additional aid.

THE ONLY WAY
To make his part in "A Gun in the Hole" credible, Douglas even put in time trying to learn how to be a general assignment reporter on a Los Angeles newspaper.

For Universal International's "Man Without a Star", Douglas covered a complete history of western pioneering in six weeks.
He asked studio experts questions on cowboy psychology in an effort to learn their usual reactions, likes and dislikes. He tried to speak their lingo—in short, live the character of two fast-draw cowboy for 24 hours a day.

Before I leave the role and study, the background to make it real, Douglas says, "It makes people think I'm a little strange, but it's the only way I can do my job." Douglas says the role was a disadvantage of his technique in that his new bride, Ann Blyth, "is a little rough on her" but he's "used to it".

There's a second or so of silence as the two get in and Danny looks at the array of indicators. Then as he cautiously touches a switch, he hears a button there, everything seems to happen at once—the roof opens and shifts, the horn blows, the seat vibrates in fact if you don't cry with laughter as I did, you'd better stick to Chekhov because nothing will ever amuse you.

More subtle is his imitation of an Englishman on the plane taking him from America to London where he's to see a psychiatrist.
I've never seen anything so delightfully underplayed without missing the mark. An American imitating an Englishman is usually painful to the latter—as painful as the reverse must be to an American, but by this modest suggestion of an accent and the most perfect imitation of the way an Englishman shifts himself into a chair, somehow bringing his shoulders forward, you recognise the breed. There's not a whisper of caricature about it, it just is an Englishman.

So many delightful little incidents come to mind from this very long film.

The way in which Danny Kaye turns the tables on the psychiatrist who has been called in to analyse and cure him of the complexes he's supposed to have, by psycho-analysing her instead.

The gentleness with which he extracts the story of her love for the man who was killed in the war.

The faint background of harp music as he bemusedly trails his hand along the railings after leaving her.

The hilarious scene in a London pub when, still trying to elude the police, he joins in the singing at an Irish party.

I didn't find the skydiving in the ballet scene quite as funny as it was obviously intended to be and as most people who've seen the film in U.K. appear to think. Possibly it's because I take my ballet seriously—but it certainly demonstrated Danny Kaye's capabilities as a dancer.

An absolute gem of a film this, not to be missed at any cost.

SPILLANE HIMSELF
"Ring of Fear" has as its top stars two people from very different walks of life who play themselves. They are Clyde Beatty, the world famous wild animal trainer, and Mickey Spillane.

This Spillane, a gentleman who frankly admits that he's the best writer in the world, is the creator of the Mike Hammer stories. Spillane's success story is an amazing one. From the publication of his first novel "I, The Jury" his books have sold more than sixty million copies and have been translated into eleven languages. I'm sorry to say I've never read any of them. Mike Hammer, I gather, is a very popular detective in America.

Against a background of circus acts "Ring of Fear" tells of the sinister happenings that suddenly overtake the famous Clyde Beatty calls in the mystery writer to find out what's going on and who's doing it.

Pat O'Brien, whom we haven't seen for some time, is cast as the manager of the circus.

VIOLENT HOURS
"SILVER LODE" is the story of a violent three hours in a western community in the 1870's when the entire town of Silver Lode is drawn into a man's fight to clear himself of a murder charge brought against him on his wedding day.

Everything seems to point to his guilt. The amount of money he's supposed to have stolen two years previously is exactly the same as that he deposited when he first came into the town—just about the same time. The sheriff is killed and it looks certain that he did it. The prettiest girl in Silver Lode (according to the script) is also the richest and by pure coincidence it's she he's going to marry.

The girl is Lizbeth Webb, who may be John Payne and Dee Durkin, the strongest building up the evidence against him.

The picture, which was produced by Benedict Bogeaus, started life as "DESPERATE MEN" but apparently it was thought the "SILVER LODE" was more "western" and "thriller".
Incidentally, the Queen Hall and you're seeing the advance of Dan Durkin and playing Good Samaritan to John Payne in the role of the producer. Her name is Dolores Moran.

TRIAL OF FAITH
In "Demetrius And The Gladiators" we have the other glimpse of the popularity and lionisation of gladiators in the days of the Roman Empire. The picture is a very fine one, showing the gladiators in their arena, the

the cinema companies themselves show the line at anything more than a vague suggestion of the truth.
The picture is advertised as being a sequel to "The Ring of Fear" showing Demetrius' acquisition of faith and the later film the trial of the faith acquired. These are the words of the Publicity Department, not mine.

At the risk of being thought cynical I would say that his downfall into the arms of Messalina was due, not to the loss of Christian faith, but to the undoubted attraction of this high-born lady of easy virtue, and that his restoration was attributable not to the persuasiveness of Peter the Fisherman, but to his waning feelings for Claudius' wife and the more comforting if less blatantly seductive charms of his former girl friend Lucina.

The spectacular side of the story was of course played up—no film of ancient Rome would be complete without hundreds of Praetorian Guards, milling crowds and gorgeously costumed courtiers. And Susan Hayward's many beautiful dresses were a delight to the eye. Armed combat between the gladiators to justify the title of the film was naturally very much in evidence also.

Of the acting, I would say that Michael Rennie's Peter was dignified, quietly spoken and authoritative, while Jay Robinson's Calpurnia was overplayed with intent probably—and irritating.

Susan Hayward was sultry, scheming and—Susan Hayward, while Victor Mature played Demetrius like a sulky, pampered schoolboy—which I suppose he was.

I couldn't help likening Ernest Borgnine (recently here in "Johnny Guitar") showing the new gladiators round the school, to pictures we've had of a top sergeant performing the same duties for new entrants into the U.S. Army.

He tells them of his 52 fights in the ring, he elaborates on the good treatment they'll receive if they behave, he laments over the waste of training when one of the gladiators has to be killed as punishment for trying to escape—he even calls them "recruits".

At any moment I expected the familiar speech, "All right, men...go in there and... FIGHT...for Uncle Calpurnia...I wanna be proud of you!"
Forgive me if I've treated "Demetrius And The Gladiators" a little lightly—I enjoyed the spectacle, the fighting, the slickness of Messalina enormously—after all, it didn't set out to be Hamlet.

Wire Tapping Frowned Upon In Films

The telephone is the most frequently used prop in motion pictures, and telephone company people worry about how it and its related equipment are used on the screen.

In fact, they worry so much that R. H. Wickstrom has the title of Bell System Representative to the Motion Picture and Television Industries. He's an expert on the entire topic of phone apparatus.

Vic instructs actors, actresses, directors and producers in telephone usage. He has worked on hundreds of films, both for theatres and television, and now is working on a crime syndicate production of "Crime-Rose".
"Crime-Rose" is a "New York Confidential".

"It's my responsibility to show people how to use our instruments," Vic explained. "Dialling a call or answering a call may seem simple, but there's a right way to do each thing for best and efficient results."

Vic cites a large switchboard as an example of the kind in which the phone people are always interested. It must be shown in "proper" operation, with players trained just exactly how to pull plugs and flip keys. This correctness applies to all types of equipment. Vic said, "All switchboards, PBXs, manual and even period telephones."

WIRE TAPPING TABOO
A delicate point can arise from time to time, Vic said, and the company has resolved not to censor any production. A film showing wire tapping, for example, brings a Bell "syndicate" wide frown.

QUEEN'S
5 SHOWS TO-MORROW
"Ring of Fear"
EXTRA PERFORMANCES AT 11.30 A.M.

QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA

★ SHOWING TO-DAY ★

ALL THE WONDER OF THE CINEMA IN
CINEMASCOPE
and
DEMETRIUS AND THE GLADIATORS
Clyde Beatty
RING OF FEAR
WARNERCOLOR — STEREOGRAPHIC SOUND

ALHAMBRA
TO-MORROW AT 11.30 A.M. ONLY
Johnny Weissmuller as Jungle Jim in
"THE FORBIDDEN LAND"
A Columbia Picture
REDUCED PRICES: \$1.50, \$1.00 & 70 Cts.

ROXY & BROADWAY

SHOWING TO-DAY
Owing to length of picture please note change of times:
AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.40 P.M.
The Most Spectacular CinemaScope Production To Date!

CINEMASCOPE
DEMETRIUS AND THE GLADIATORS
Produced by DELMER DAVES • Screenplay by PHILIP DUNNE
VICTOR MATURE • SUSAN HAYWARD • FRANK BOSS
Directed by PHILIP DUNNE

ADDED ATTRACTION! CinemaScope Short Subject
"LAND OF LEGEND" In Technicolor
ROXY & BROADWAY: 5 Shows To-morrow
Extra Performance at 12.00 Noon

HOOVER NOW SHOWING
CHATEAUWAY DAY TEL. 75371 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30

MARVELOUS SPECTACLE OF A THOUSAND THRILLS!

SABAKA
PRINT BY TECHNICOLOR
Starring BOB KAYLOFF • NINA MARCEL
with Reginald Kerner • Vic Tanny
Produced and Directed by Frank Fortin
Reviewed Here Under Advice

SPECIAL HOLIDAY MATINEES AT REDUCED PRICES
Saturday at 12 noon Sunday at 12 Noon
Burt Lancaster in
"The Crimson Pirate" Warner Brothers
Color Cartoons

SHOWING TO-DAY **MAJESTIC** AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.
"AIR CONDITIONED"

HERBERT J. YATES presents
FLIGHT NURSE
JOAN LESLIE • FORREST TUCKER
A REPUBLIC PICTURE
TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW AT 12.30 P.M.
Joan Fontaine in
"JANE EYRE"

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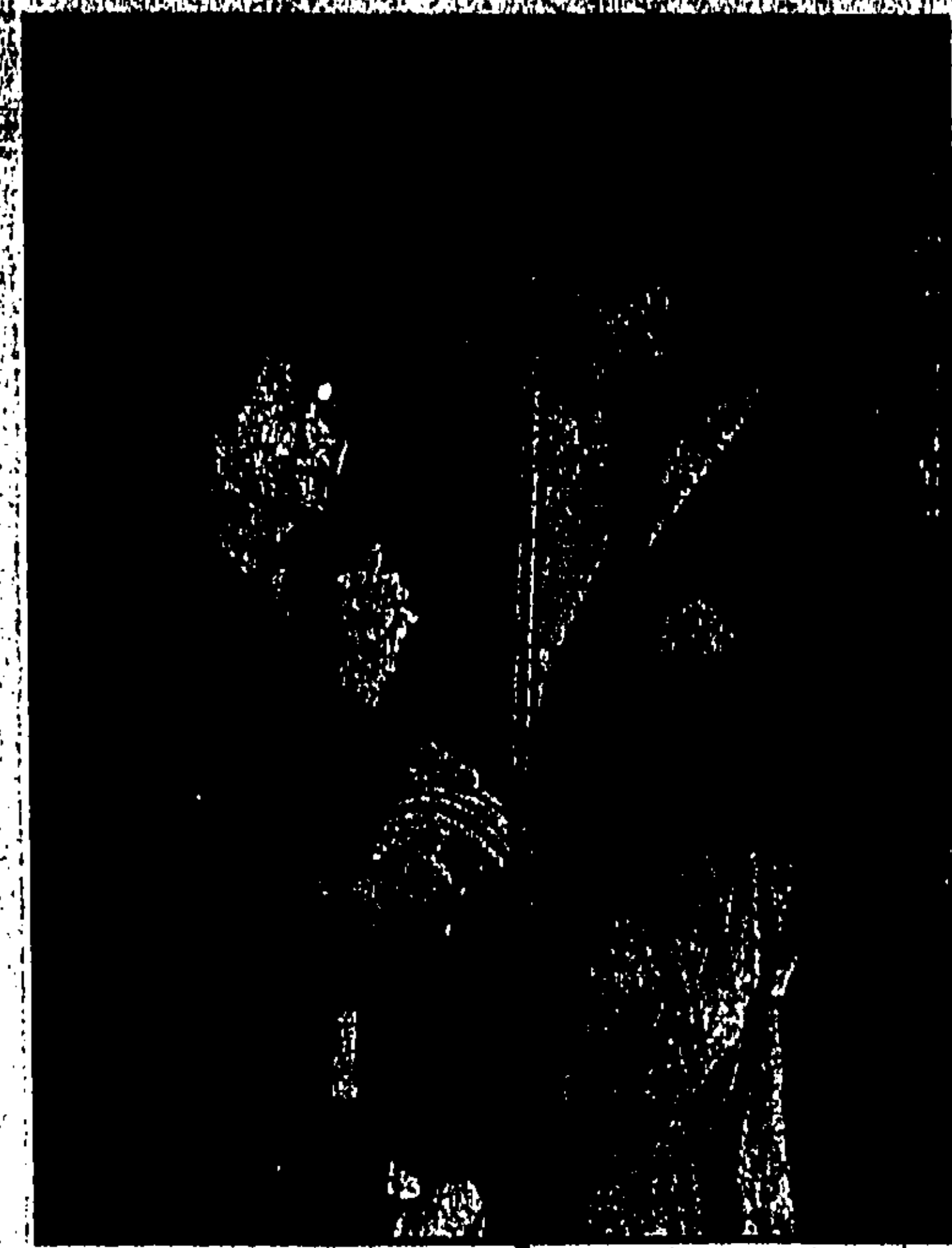
YEAR'S FINEST ROYAL PICTURE



THIS is it — the picture that captures forever the happiest moment of a happy cruise, the picture of a barefoot Princess and a barefoot Prince swabbing the decks of the Royal yacht Britannia somewhere in the Mediterranean last May. Young Prince Charles and Princess Anne are enjoying every moment of it. (Express)



THE Duke of Edinburgh pictured at Aberdeen on his return from his Canadian tour. He is seen waving to crowds on the quayside before setting off by car to join the Royal Family at Balmoral. (Express)



AMERICAN Senator Estes Kefauver and his Scottish-born wife at Waterloo Station, London, on their arrival from the U.S. Mrs Kefauver later travelled to Glasgow to see her father, Sir Stephen Figgott. (Express)

HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



THE Glyndebourne Opera Company opened their season at the Elgth Edinburgh International Festival of Music and Drama with the Richard Strauss opera, "Ariadne auf Naxos." This picture shows a scene from the prologue. Ariadne was sung by Lucine Amara. (Express)



TO mark the 25th anniversary of the death of Serge Diaghileff, the Sadler's Wells Ballet Company presented "Firebird" for their first appearance at this year's Edinburgh Festival. Prima ballerina Margot Fonteyn is seen here dressed for the principal role. (Express)



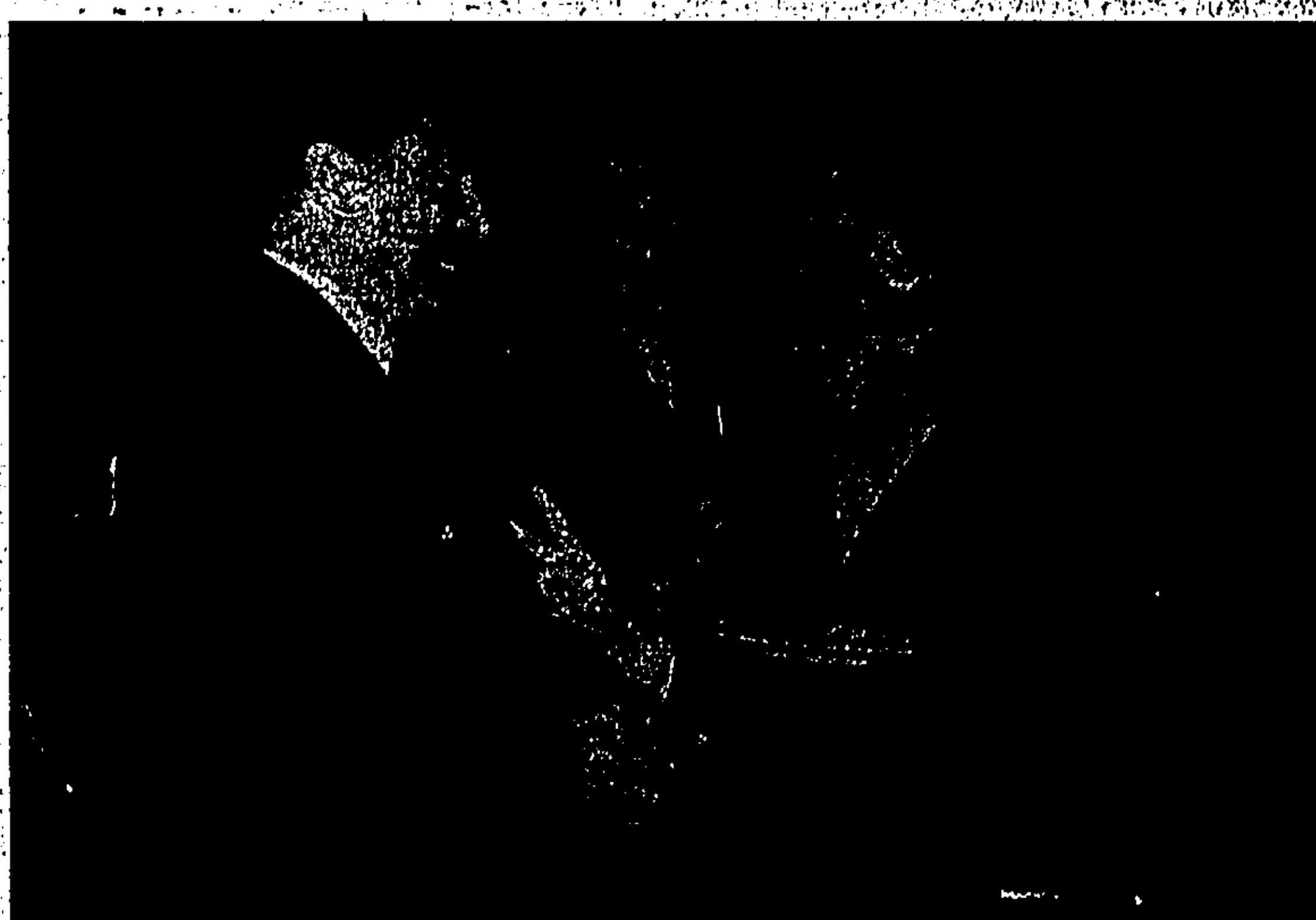
FILM personalities of note gathered as guests at a party given in London the other day by film executives. Here are actress Dawn Addams and her husband, Prince Vittorio Massimo, having refreshments. (Express)



LOVELY French actress Odile Versois at the London premiere of the new British film, "The Young Lovers," in which she stars. Her strapless dress is of white silk embroidered with black velvet flowers. (Express)



UNIVERSITY and school buildings costing about £2,500,000 are to be built in Rangoon by a British firm of contractors. The biggest part of the project is an engineering college for Rangoon University to accommodate 1,200 students. The signing of the contract at the Burmese Embassy, London, is shown above. Left to right, back row: R. M. Maitland, A. C. Brighton, L. Daniels, J. T. Gournall, James Cubitt. Front row: V. K. Vickerman, U Tin Pe, J. C. Lawson and U. Hla, acting for the Prime Minister of Burma. (Express)

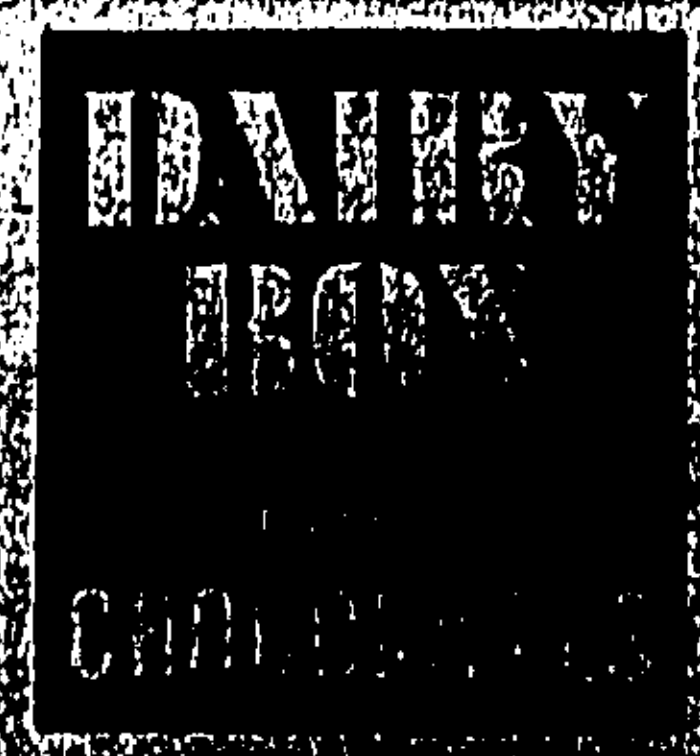


MR Yakob Malik, the Soviet Ambassador to London, chatting with the 65-year-old Marquess of Reading and Lady Reading at a Rumanian Legation party celebrating the 10th anniversary of the liberation of Rumania. Lord Reading, Minister of State at the Foreign Office, represented the United Kingdom at the recent Manila conference. (Express)

NANCY



By Ernie Bushmiller



THE GUARDS GO WEST by SILES



"I don't think your sergeant's a pig, I think he's cute." (This note, a Guardsman is on his way to America for a medical check.)

London Express Service

It's THE CRAZIEST TOWN ON EARTH!

A FAMOUS SHOWMAN LIFTS THE CURTAIN on the 'HOTTEST, MADDEST PLACE I'VE SEEN'



ACCORDING to the map Las Vegas, Nevada, is 290 miles south-east of Los Angeles, 469 miles from Reno, and 23 miles from the Great Boulder Dam.

According to the heat, which averages between 110 degrees and 120 degrees in the sun at noon, it might be in Dante's Inferno.

According to the town, the fashions, the gaiety, it might just as well be Fantasia. It is the hottest, maddest place I had ever seen.

I had contracted to produce a show called "Palladium Varieties," with Richard Hearne, Pat Kirkwood, and 17 others, at the Desert Inn, Las Vegas.

No chance lost

I WAS in Los Angeles and decided to go by road. We had to start driving at five in the morning, when it was still reasonably cool.

A friend had promised to drive me there. As we set off he explained: "Most cars have air conditioning for this journey. Those that don't have a cylinder full of

VAN PARNELL, boss of London's famous Palladium and the man who brought American variety to the West End, recently made the return trip . . . and took British stars to America. Now he is back and he brings with him the fantastic story of LAS VEGAS . . . the gambler's paradise . . . the milk-lined city in the sand which thrives on marriage on the rocks.

by VAL PARNELL

dry ice near the passenger's window so that the wind is chilled.

"What have we got?" I asked him.

"Nothing," he replied. "We'll have to sweat it out."

That we did for five hours, with all the windows closed against the incinerating heat. The heat was like a branding-iron. The air seemed to have come over a furnace-top to reach us.

Nevada is the Gambler's State. No opportunity is lost to remind people of it. Slot machines for gambling stand in every hotel, shop and drug store.

A wide six-lane highway, called The Strip, reaches out of town for miles. On either side are single-story hotels, built bungalow style, with swimming-pools and drive-ins. Their lawns—the only green patches in the city—are constantly being

sprayed with water from hidden sprinklers.

Every hotel and gambling joint has a tower that carries a 60 or 70-foot neon sign: a man thumbing a ride, cards popping, cards shuffling, or a bottle pouring.

Nevada State and Las Vegas are built on the rattling of dice and the throw of coin. The eating, the drinking, the dancing only exist to keep the visitor fit and fine for the casino.

One way only

EVERY hotel looks different outside, but inside all might have been designed by the same architect.

Past the reception desks there is only one way ahead—through the gambling casino. Visitors must go through it to eat, to reach their room, to make a telephone call, to meet their friends, to have a bath. There is no other way.

The walls of the casinos are lined with gambling machines, and in the middle of the room

are dice tables, roulette wheels, and crap games.

Mingling with the gum-chewing gamblers—many of whom drive some hundreds of miles for an evening's play—are sheriffs, often as many as 12. They wear grey and black striped trousers and two guns each. But I never saw a gun drawn.

In the casino is a long bar which never closes. Opposite this is a small platform where, from 4 o'clock to 5.30 in the afternoon, and from 7.30 p.m. to about 4.00 the next morning, relays of singers or jazz units play without cease. These are by no means poor performers: Artie Shaw was there the week before I arrived.

In Las Vegas everyone is rich and in a hurry. The gardeners have little electric trolleys to carry them from one part of the town to another more quickly and easily than they could walk. So do golfers.

When I played a round with a friend we hired a little electric trolley, the sort of thing that pulls luggage trucks round London stations. Our golf bags

fit into sockets at the back, and we sat in front, steering with a tiller.

Incidentally, the heat is so strong that water is sprayed continually all over the golf course.

One waiter in my hotel had been over to Norway this summer to see his relatives; another owned two big cars and a slice of real estate and a share in a gambling saloon down town. Cars, foreign trips, houses, even food, are all paid on the "never-never."

You want a Wild West hotel? The Last Frontier has a corral bristling with mustangs, and a village with covered wagons. At the expensive Flamingo guests can watch the gambling from a special observation lounge.

\$9,000 a week

LOVELY women wear milk L wraps over bathing suits. Men have huge diamond rings. It is an astonishing, exhilarating parade of uninhibited wealth, strength, and energy.

My hotel had three restaurants. One, with glass walls, overlooked the swimming-pool, and served breakfast and luncheon. Another served luncheon and dinners.

The third, which most directly concerned us was called, "The Theatre." Here, on a tiered floor sloping down towards the stage, were tables and chairs. People dined and then watched the show.

A fine three-course dinner cost only 30s, including a free show.

Apart from the "Palladium Varieties," there were ap-

HAVE GRAMOPHONE RECORDS HAD THEIR DAY?

By JAMES WICKENDEN

GET ready to throw out your disc player. It is about to become so much junk. If your enthusiasm to have the latest equipment swept you into ownership of long-play pick-ups and crystal needles, then take another breath and dig in your pocket once more.

This time it's tapes.

No one has a satisfactory name for them yet. HMV—the first with the new method of commercially recorded music—calls them "copies of the original master tapes," or "high fidelity tape recordings."

Perhaps you have a suspicion, but how about "Pre-tapes," to be going on with? This stands for pre-recording tapes.

The bulk of these tapes is that they are direct copies

from the original tapes on which music is recorded in the studio—before they have been used to make discs.

Such a simple idea spells the end of records: not at once, but eventually. In your grandchildren's day records will be brought out like Victorian heirlooms, to be admired or derided as bric-a-brac.

Advantages

The advantages of pre-tapes are: long-playing lives up to its name for 60 minutes if required; background noise due to record printing vanishes; and the quality is improved.

Quality can even be better, for it is limited by two things: the quality of the original

On all records the sound track has to travel slower as it reaches the centre of the disc, because towards the centre, the recorded spiral is shorter than at the edge. This change of speed throughout a record detracts from tone quality.

Secondly, it often happens that a piece of music has to be adjusted in some way to fit on to the recording space of a disc. This cutting is avoided on the long tape.

This is the first month of pre-tapes. So make a point of listening to HMV's first pre-tapes at the record shop to see what your verdict will be.

It should be favourable, except for the price. The tapes range in price from 5s. 6d. (in England) to more than four pounds. On the other hand there is a lot of stuff and they can be played on just old tape recorders. If you have one, the other way for the month is the most of the tape recorders have the pre-tapes.

Quality can even be better, for it is limited by two things: the quality of the original

THE POWER OF THE ATOM BOMB

Professor Gives Grave Warning

By CHAPMAN PINCHER

THE whole world will be uninhabitable if more than a few thousand atomic bombs are ever exploded in it, Professor Edgar Adrian, 64-year-old Nobel Prize winner, warned the British Association in Oxford.

And this would happen whether the bombs hit their targets or not.

Every atomic explosion, he explained, poisons the atmosphere with dangerous radioactivity which persists for centuries.

The strength of this radioactivity increases measurably with each explosion. Perhaps only one thousand H-bombs would have to be detonated for the air, earth and waters to become dangerous to human life.

Professor Adrian, who is the first president of the British Association, said that the danger of atomic war was not a distant possibility, but a real and present danger.

bomb explodes. This substance takes 5,000 years to lose even half of its dangerous rays.

Professor Adrian said: "We must face the possibility that repeated atomic explosions will lead to a degree of general radioactivity which no one can tolerate or escape."

"A long war between Powers well armed with bombs would certainly involve an order of radioactive contamination, which would involve us all victims as well as vanquished."

"If we can make this known universally our association will not have failed in its purpose."

PAIN IN THE NECK

WORRY can give you a pain in the neck. Your chin can give you a stiff neck. But nagging, intermittent pain in your neck may be due to anxiety.

This is reported by Dr. Peter Kennedy and Dr. John Clithero. They have been studying the relationship between anxiety and neck pain.

They found that whenever we feel anxious, our neck muscles are tense. This tension can lead to a stiff neck or a pain in the neck.

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Undoubtedly the best gin in the world with a subtle flavour of its very own. Best results are easily obtained by simply mixing Gordon's with tonic water in a glass. This you have proved to yourself that there's nothing, absolutely nothing, of good as a Gordon's Gin and Tonic.

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NOW FOR THE FIRST TIME!

A self-winding, waterproof watch that acts as a stop-watch



It would be like a stop-watch on your wrist. But the average stop-watch is a highly complicated instrument that may not always stand up to hard wear, and may need expensive servicing. It cannot be perfectly waterproof—because of its push buttons; it cannot be self-winding, because it needs extra parts to produce the addition of a self-winding mechanism. Now, Rolex have produced the first self-winding, waterproof watch. It has a genuine Rolex Oyster Case (without push buttons) and is completely absolutely waterproof. It is self-winding by the motion of your arm. It is a true stop-watch—and none of the complications. And, in addition, the Turn-O-Graph gives you the hardness and accuracy of the world-famous Rolex Oyster Perpetual, yet it costs very little more.

HOW IT WORKS

Watch the dial of the Turn-O-Graph. It has a rotating bezel, calibrated from 0 to 60 seconds, with a clearly marked 15-minute mark.

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TABOO ...DEEP

IN THE JUNGLE the drums brand me as an OUTCAST

By TOM STACEY

who has taken a Journey to the Unknown — Into the heart of Africa. Stacey is 24; an Old Etonian; has a wife and two daughters in London. With him on the African adventure is a friend, Erisa Kironde, son of a Uganda chief.

O H, Saint Barbara, thank you very much. We were lost in the bush, bewitched, bothered, bewildered, and you have brought peace at last to my companion Erisa and me.

How did this come about? Gather round, children, gather round.

We had set off into the "bush" (as this scrubland African landscape is called). It was to be a visit to Kasengi, the home village of our servant boy Albert.

Albert, whom we had picked up jobless in Brazzaville, the capital town of this far-flung, undeveloped, underpopulated colony, French Equatorial Africa, said his village lay some 100 miles north-westwards. It lay roughly on our route towards the area where we intend to make our first anthropological investigations.

I told young Albert that we would break our journey for a few days at his place. He could speak French (unlike most of the "bush" villagers), and he would give us our first introduction to tribal and village life in this part of the world.

Albert, urbanised and a bit of a smoothie, had not been home for some years, since his mid-teens. He said his village was difficult to reach.

Albert was right about the journey. It was rough, it was tough. And on the way we had to leave Erisa, whose foot was giving trouble, at one of the villages we passed through.

I'm anxious

ALBERT did not appear to be looking forward to seeing again his sister, uncle, and aunt, who he had told me were still living at his village.

He spoke only about turning back, giving a number of semi-plausible reasons why we should do this. For one thing, the rivers, he said, were too big to ford.

I was anxious about Albert. We approached Albert's village of Kasengi just at dark, with Albert still mysteriously hanging behind.

Everyone was gathered in the middle of the huts, engaged in a song and dance.

I drew a young man aside from the group. He was surprised enough at seeing me. Then I faced him with Albert.

"Banza!" he exclaimed in an alarmed whisper. (Banza is Albert's African name). The man drew the attention of two of his companions. They looked at Albert, recognised him immediately, and stood agape. Albert was most uneasy. Then a few rapid words were exchanged.

I asked Albert, now highly agitated, to take me to his family house. He said he could not.

As our arrival became more widely known the dance faltered and came to a halt. I could see that Albert's arrival had been a great shock.

I made my way to the largest hut. It was empty. I asked for the chief. No one was prepared to understand me.

I went back to the whispering remnant of the dance group. The pack Albert had been carrying was on the ground.

I asked where Albert was. "He has gone," said a young man.

"Will he come back?" I got no answer.

I made one further attempt to converse. But I failed. These villagers had no wish to speak to me.

The situation was tricky. I surmised that Albert had committed some crime, and that that was why he had originally left this village. He had hoped that, returning with a European, he would be accepted.

But he had found he was taboo—so he had fled. And I, because of my association with him, was taboo too, and could be received by no one.

I clear out

THERE was nothing for it but to clear out.

But by morning the tom-toms had sounded the news of what had happened. At the first village I came to I was carefully avoided by the villagers. Yes, I was still taboo.

And everywhere I went I carried a superstitious stigma. When I reached the village where Erisa had been living, I found he was already "in



THE STACEY ROUTE. Today's despatch comes from somewhere north of Lambarene.

Coventry" because of what had happened to me. The tom-toms had sent the news.

And Albert? Poor, terrorised Albert—where was he in his Teddy-boy suit and all?

It was impossible for Erisa and me to remain. Even the old chief did not come out to meet me. We had no wish to perpetuate the alarm by camping in the neighbouring bush.

So we set off immediately on a 12-mile trudge to the nearest mission station at Mindouli—a gallant effort for lame Erisa, carrying extra weight.

Golden halo

AT the mission the grey-bearded French abbe echoed for a second the reception I received at Albert's village. But at least I was able to explain things to him. He soon found us a little empty room.

As I turned to blow out the lamp I caught some words on the newspaper which covered the bedstead: "the degree of profundity of the soul, if it varied at all, is not relevant."

And there, looking down from her framed portrait on the wall, beneath her spiky golden halo, were the wide gentle eyes of Saint Barbara.

Bless you Saint Barbara. My, it was good to be sleeping in your room. I do not know why you were first canonised. But please may I now humbly put you up for a bar to your sainthood?

Will, in time, the underwater world accept man's superiority? Already a pilot fish, his master shark having been killed by an underwater hunter, changes allegiance and pilots the goggled man through the waters as faithfully as if he were a shark.

All this the camera records with a perfection which makes one marvel at the speed with which colour films have developed. Before the Italian expedition set out, prolonged studies were made so as to render the colours, usually dis-



LORD MELBOURNE met the beautiful Mrs. Norton.

SO violent was the waiting, strong's eruption into court that it seemed as if the doors must have suddenly given way. Only a fraction of them could be accommodated, and barristers in the case that constituted such a magnet had to force a passage for themselves through those whose hopes were dashed.

Inside the ushers shouted in vain for order, and when Lord Chief Justice Tindal took his seat the utmost confusion and uproar still prevailed.

Counsel, addressing His Lordship, signified a doubt whether it would be possible for the trial to proceed.

The Lord Chief Justice gazed sternly on the unaccustomed scene.

"Let the doors be shut, and let them be kept shut," he said. "Let no one gain admission unless he is subpoenaed." Then, with a minatory glance at the

expectant onlookers, he added, "If silence be not kept, I shall adjourn."

Thus upon a note of tension, in an atmosphere of fever, against a background that suggested a fashionable prize-fight, began the long-anticipated hearing of the action brought by the Honourable George Norton against William Lamb, Viscount Melbourne.

Such conditions, while unwelcome, could occasion no surprise. Because history seldom furnishes an instance of a magistrate suing a Prime Minister in office for injury sustained through the seduction of his wife.

Whispers began



MRS CAROLINE NORTON was both beautiful and brilliant; a granddaughter of Sheridan, she herself wrote plentifully and with genuine distinction. She had married Norton—brother and heir—

fully and with genuine distinction. She had married Norton—brother and heir—

CONQUERING A NEW WORLD

By Friedl Orlando

WITH "The Sixth Continent" Italy has made a triumphant entry into the International Film Festival at Venice. It is a full length documentary of subaquean exploration.

The word "documentary" evokes, for many cinema fans, memories of school days, and of pilgrimages to the cinema for the all too obvious purpose of "education," and of a certain amount of boredom, which, endured in the knowledge that, after all, there would be no class work that morning. But documentaries have very much improved during the last few years and the line between "education" and "entertainment" has become pretty blurred.

"The Sixth Continent" is an outstanding example of that. It would not be surprising if it drew long queues at the cinemas. No death battle between police and gangster could be more exciting than the duel, in the depth of the sea, between the uncannily masked and armed woman diver and a gigantic Manta ray fish; no picture more idyllic than the chase of little fish which, in the dusk of the water, emerge from the coral reefs to feed out of the hand of Man, the unexpected visitor from far off continents.

Will, in time, the underwater world accept man's superiority? Already a pilot fish, his master shark having been killed by an underwater hunter, changes allegiance and pilots the goggled man through the waters as faithfully as if he were a shark.

All this the camera records with a perfection which makes one marvel at the speed with which colour films have developed. Before the Italian expedition set out, prolonged studies were made so as to render the colours, usually dis-

torted under water, vivid and exact. Electric arc-lights were used under water, despite the obvious danger.

The expedition, composed of a hydrobiologist, amphibious cine technicians and sportsmen (among them two women) spent six months in the Dahlak archipelago, in the southern waters of the Red Sea, the world beneath has emerged during the last few years, the expedition's claim to have discovered a new continent seems no exaggeration.

If they have not discovered it, they certainly have made a large step forward in opening it up. Many a queer fish was brought to the surface for which no name exists as yet in scientific vocabularies. There are glimpses of abundant vegetation beneath the waters, which, in the long run may deride the agriculturists' gloomy prophecies of a famished world. Petrol fountains bubble up through the water; uranium lies on the bottom of the sea.

Whether or not man will be able to turn all this wealth into benefit depends on whether or not he can transform himself back into an amphibious animal.

The Italian pioneers say he can. Having spent 10,000 hours under water within six months, they were all found to be in excellent health. If man can be a bird, why should he not be a fish? It's all a matter of equipment.

It is a lesson which, in the film, we see the Italians pass on to the Yemenite pearlfishers who, for centuries have been trying to conquer the depths unarmed and unequipped. And each time they have been conquered, blinded by the corrosion of salt water and deafened by pressure. Now they have been introduced to the comfort of goggles and a respiratory apparatus.

HONOUR at STAKE

THE TRAP that CAUGHT MR FLOOK

Into the box stepped a man called Flook. If the jury accepted his sworn word, the case against the premier, Lord Melbourne, was at an end

by Edgar Lustgarten

presumptive to Lord Granly—some nine years before, in 1827, when he was nearly 30, and she about nineteen. His income did not correspond with his noble rank, so Mrs Norton wrote to the Home Secretary, Lord Melbourne—whom she did not know but who had known her father—asking if he could secure her husband some preferment.

In response Lord Melbourne called at their small house in Storey's Gate, and from this first visit flowed substantial consequences: an appointment to the police court bench for the Honourable George, and for his wife the honour of Lord Melbourne's friendship—a friendship which brought him to Storey's Gate almost every afternoon (during the hours when Norton was engaged on his new duties) and that suffered no interruption (but rather grew more intimate) when Melbourne became the first Minister of the Crown.

There is nothing abnormal about mutual attraction between a mature man on the floodtide of success and a lovely young woman with an imaginative mind. Mrs Norton would doubtless be captivated by Melbourne's assured charm, and flattered by attention from a statesman of his standing; Melbourne would doubtless be captivated by her youthful vigour, and flattered by attention from a beauty of her fame.

They would have much to enjoy in each other's company and the "relationship" may well have been entirely innocent. But for long Society gossip had whispered otherwise, and now George Norton's counsel contended they were right.

Blinds drawn

HE founded Norton's claim for damages against Melbourne—in those days a necessary initial proceeding when seeking to establish adultery by a wife—upon a series of allegations about the couple's conduct, which, taken in combination, he submitted, could only be consistent with their guilt.

Melbourne always entered the Nortons' house by a secluded entrance in a courtyard at the side instead of the front door. The servants were told to let no one into the house while he was there, and themselves not to enter the drawing-room unless rung for.

During his visits, the drawing-room blinds were often closed. Mrs Norton made preparation to receive him by doing her hair and making up afresh. Mrs Norton had been alone to Melbourne's house. When she was ill, Melbourne had stayed for hours alone with her in her bedroom. Notes—though practically none survived—often passed between the parties. Despite precautions, they had been seen to kiss and to hold hands.

Witnesses—mostly ex-servants of the Nortons' broken household—testified in full support of counsel's statement.

If those witnesses were to be believed, then, by any standards, the behaviour of Mrs Norton and Lord Melbourne had been highly suspicious and extremely indiscreet. It might not now be held sufficient proof of

adulterous intercourse; but one would not like to assert the same of 1838.

He didn't knock

AND since—according to the rules prevailing then—Melbourne, as defendant, could not give evidence, and Mrs Norton, as wife of the plaintiff, could not do so either, the credibility of those ex-servants became a vital issue.

This issue had ripened for immediate decision when a man named Flook stepped up into the box.

He had formerly been a general factotum at the Nortons'; driving the carriage, helping in the house. One day, he told the court, he had gone into the drawing-room—gone in, for some reason, without preliminary knock; and there he found Lord Melbourne, bending over Mrs Norton, who was lying on the hearth-rug with her dress disarranged.

There could hardly be any misconception about that.

Others had only spoken to a series of circumstances from which adultery might—or might not—be inferred. This was an entirely different proposition; if the jury accepted Flook's sworn word, the case was at an end.

The Attorney-General, Sir James Campbell, appearing for Lord Melbourne—Law Officers could then engage in private practice—rises to begin Flook's cross-examination well aware that the trial is at its turning point.

Flook reflects

FLOOK admits that, until very recently, he has been living with his wife and children in a cellar; that he had carried on a business in old clothes; that he was in debt, and could not pay all that he owed.

"When were you discovered as witness in this case?" Flook reflects a little.

"About six weeks ago." "Have you continued to live in the cellar?" asks Mr Attorney.

"No, I have been to the country," answers Flook.

"Where to?" "Womersley."

"Have you been living in Womersley?"

"Yes."

"Oh," Mr Attorney sounds most interested. "How far from Womersley does Lord Granly live?"

"Lord Granly? Mr Norton's elder brother?"

"Lord Granly lives at Womersley," replies Flook. "You have not been living in his house I presume?"

"No. At a public-house." "Who paid for you there?" "I paid for myself."

"Well," Flook looks down at the floor. "The solicitor gave me money for my fare."

"How much?" "Well, about £10."

"Has he given you any money since?"

"No, Oh, no." "Have you carried on any business at Womersley?"

"No, Oh, no."

"But you have gone on living there ever since, right up till now?"

Flook assents. Next he agrees with Mr Attorney that when working for the Nortons he was often drunk, and was actually discharged for drunkenness.

"Did you think it unjust that you were turned off?"

"Oh," says Flook, grinning, "when Mrs Norton told Master to do something, he must do it."

"It was her fault, then?"

"More her than his."

"Yes," says Mr Attorney. "And haven't you been around saying that it was that damned bitch, Mrs Norton, that got you out of your job?"

A look of venom momentarily contorts Flook's cunning face. "I may have done," he says.

Finishing stroke

MR Attorney has got what he wants. There is only the finishing stroke.

"You expect to make a good thing out of this, don't you, if you win?"

"I don't know," Flook says, "whether we are to win or not."

"But if all goes well?"

"If I were to work," says Flook elliptically, "I should like to be paid for what I've done."

Clearly both a purchased and a vindictive witness. Not only is Flook destroyed, but he drags the rest down with him. There have already been suggestions in regard to other witnesses of subsidies from or through Lord Granly, and of grievance or of spite. Now disbelief envelopes all of them like a cloud, and without leaving their box, the jury and for the defendant.

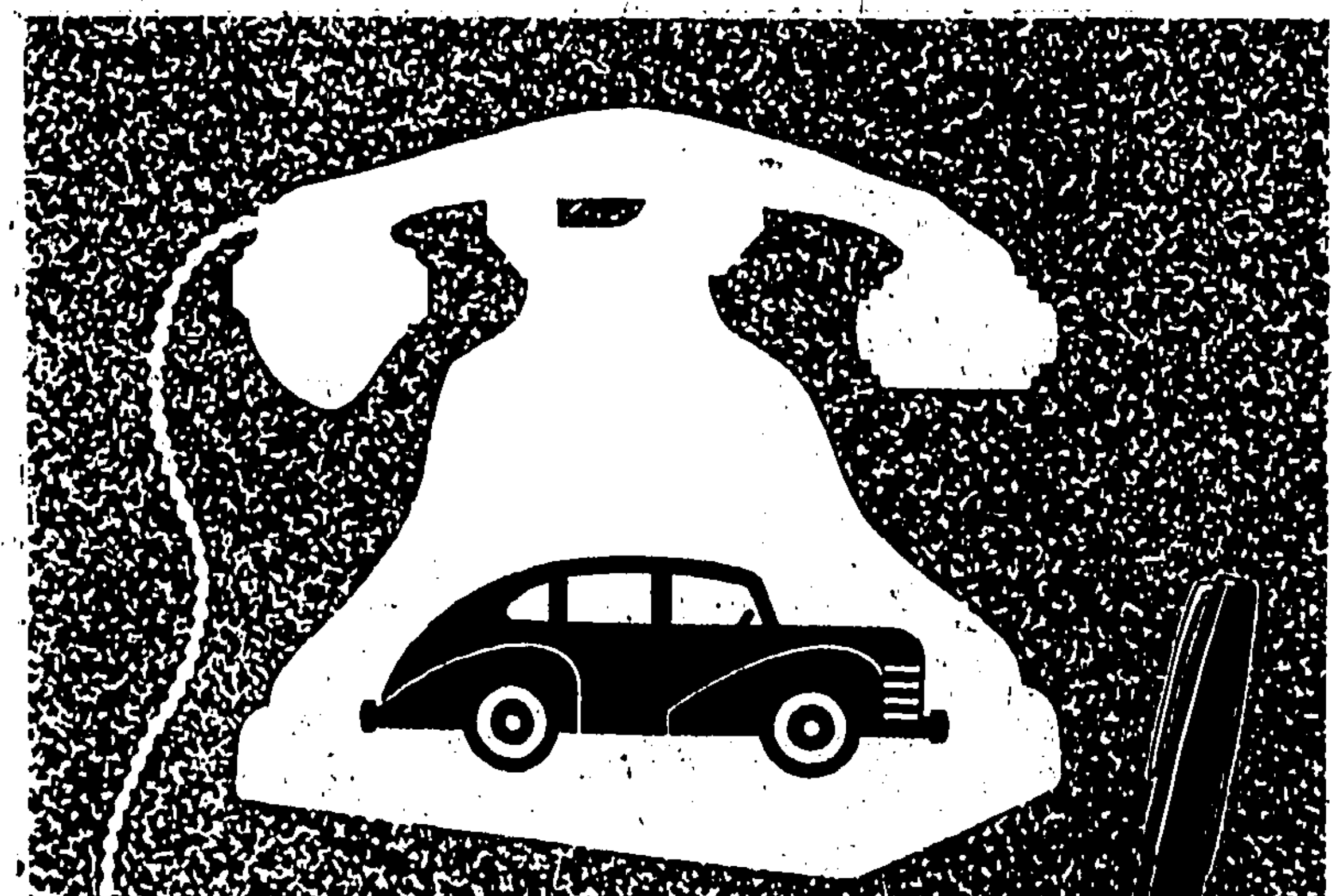
Immense ovations awaited Mr Attorney and Lord Melbourne when they returned triumphant from the court to Parliament. Many thought Norton's action was politically inspired, and its dismissal a vindication of the Whigs whom Melbourne led.

Others may prefer the less sophisticated judgment reportedly pronounced by one of Melbourne's female relatives. "Fancy," she said to a friend, "Willie has got away with it."

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Next Saturday

The man who crossed a frontier with guns



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JOHN DEANE POTTER

Invites
you to...

THE rich walk barefoot among the bowls of long-stemmed roses in the Carlton Hotel in Cannes. In shorts and swimsuits they snatch a gossip champagne cocktail before changing for dinner. Later, in elbow-crushing rows, neat as sardines, they sit on the terrace and watch the beautiful girls, looking like long-stemmed roses themselves. Wearing the shortest of shorts, they parade along, brown as kippers. The serene Rolls-Royces and the flamboyant Cadillacs prattle past, the Mercedes jostle the Jaguars.

Crammed into a few square yards of terrace are the wealthy and famous from three-quarters of the world. The American millionaires, the French industrialists, the fairy-tale rich Greeks, the titled English are all there.

The palm trees flutter flirtatiously in the evening breeze like gay girls. The wrinkled sea whippers like an old man. A round of drinks costs £10. Some of the people on the terrace will lose thousands of pounds gambling before day-break. But never mind, tomorrow the sun will cure them.

A white poodle

YOU know you are among the very rich when a closed car stops and a chauffeur takes a white poodle for a walk along the promenade. The old couple in the car do not get out. They sit unmoving, unsmiling.

The rich man's recreation ground is enjoying a prosperity that it has not known since the last Grand Duke placed his last chip on the casino table. At along the coast, past the rocky promontories and half-hidden inlets—with names beloved of novelists like Cap d'Antibes, Cap Martin, Eden Roc—it is the same. And Monte Carlo, prim dowager of the resorts, is becoming the most fashionable place again.

£700 monthly

IN the Club de la Vigie at the corner of Monte Carlo bay some of the richest and best-known people in Europe dive into the sea, which is as warm and transparent as a blue rinse. But the biggest spenders are to be found in the yacht harbours of Cannes and Monte Carlo. If you are a really rich man you will hire or own a yacht.

To hire even a smallish yacht costs £700 a month without fuel and food for yourself and the crew. The big yachts, like the one which Sir Simon Marks is cruising in at the moment, are often chartered at £10,000 for six weeks.

A Frenchman looking at the funnels and masts tangled

...the most luxurious parties aboard the most fabulous yachts in the Mediterranean playground of the very, very rich

THE BIG SPENDERS

THE WOMAN who wears an admiral's hat and a £10,000 ankle bracelet

THE MAN who has a fountain playing on the deck of his yacht

THE WOMAN of immense wealth who says 'But money isn't everything'

THE MAN who takes his friends for a flip—from Texas to Cannes

against the Cannes skyline said to me: "When you see such ships you forget you are poor."

But even the richest have their odd economies. When the reflections of the blue hotel signs stop striping the water in the harbour and dawn yawns a few minutes away, a middle-aged Frenchwoman wearing an admiral's hat can often be seen coming ashore in the harbour.

If you saw her you would never believe she is one of the richest women in the world. She is known to her friends at La Meme Moineau—the Sparrow—and she was once a dancer in the Folies Bergere. Now she is Madame Lucienne Denizez Rejach, the wife of a South American millionaire.

What is she doing up at dawn? Whenever she can she gets to the local market by 9 a.m. There she happily haggles with the peasant women.

She will return before breakfast carrying a dozen chickens and sometimes a four-foot long local fish to be cooked for that day's luncheon party. If she has managed to knock a few francs off the price she is delighted.

Her pleasure is somewhat puzzling when you realise the splendour in which she lives aboard her yacht Moineau 4. Aboard it 45 toy poodles roam the deck. Her bedroom is

decorated with pink satin and rare carved coloured tropical woods like rosewood and violet wood.

And in the bedroom is her jewel safe. No one knows how much jewellery she has or how much it is worth.

Her pride

DURING luncheon on the yacht it is not unusual for her to get up between courses and change her jewels. She will change her practically priceless sapphires for blue and white diamonds. She will also clip rare bracelets of topaz round her women guests' wrists while they eat.

Her latest pride, a gift from her husband, is a diamond and gold ankle bracelet worth £10,000. When she goes ashore, as she did the other night to have dinner in La Meme, Germaine on the quay at Villefranche, two sailors from her yacht go with her. They stand guard over her in case anyone tries to steal her ankle bracelet.

But you do not have to drive far along the Riviera coast before you run into others who live like the Sparrow.

One of them is a smallish, 40-year-old Greek shipowner with the improbable name of

Aristotle Socrates Homer Onassis.

I have spent some time observing Onassis whose eyes twinkle constantly behind his horn-rimmed spectacles with dark side pieces.

And I am still not sure if I am in Cloud Cuckoo Land. I can only repeat some aspects of his life to you. He lives in the Chateau de la Croe, on Cap d'Antibes, which was once owned by the Duke of Windsor. He pays £100 a week rent for that.

But his real extravagance is his yacht Christina. You can see it, with its stumpy, brown-off yellow funnel, in the square, secluded harbour of Monte Carlo. It takes up quite a lot of the harbour.

It was once a Canadian frigate called Stormont. Onassis bought the 1,600-ton ship and had it reconstructed in a Hamburg shipyard where many of his tankers have been built.

The cost? Well, I don't suppose for a moment Onassis counted it.

Some of the fancy fittings he ordered for it were not cheap. Put yourself in his place. The primary idea if you own a yacht like that is to be able to entertain people aboard it. So you build 18 guest staterooms with private baths and air-conditioning.

Then there must be somewhere to dance when you give parties. So you take up the ballroom floor from the old winter casino in Monte Carlo and put it down in the Christina.

It would be unthinkable not to have a swimming-pool. So you have one built.

Your yacht is nearly finished now. But the decks seem a little bare. Obviously what is needed is a fountain playing on deck. You install one so it can play while your guests sit around having drinks.

But the yacht is not solely for fun. A complicated radio-telephone system is installed so Onassis can talk to any of his ships anywhere in the world.

This is the yacht in which Onassis left a few days ago for a cruise to the Greek islands with some of his friends.

Costly crew

ON the after-deck of his yacht is his yellow Italian amphibian plane which carries two passengers. If any guest feels a little bored and would like to pop ashore for a few hours to have a drink or do a little shopping, the plane is lowered on to its floats from a derrick on deck.

The plane takes off and the yacht steams on. When the guests wish to return they take off and find their way back to the ship by radio.

When the yacht is sitting in harbour, not using any fuel and only costing £2,000 a week or so for upkeep, including the wages of his German crew of 40, Onassis uses the amphibian



Robb

draws his vision of "some enchanted evening" by the Mediterranean shore. . . . A champagne supper. . . . A beautiful woman. . . . A docile Saluki by the window. In the background the faint murmur of music. . . . Beyond the swimming pool a big yacht lies at anchor. . . . And reflected in the waters of the harbour the garish lights of the waterfront sparkle and shimmer.

plane for slipping between the bay near his chateau on Cap d'Antibes and the sea below his office in Monte Carlo. Along the coastal road this journey takes about an hour in a car. In the amphibian it takes six minutes.

In his office, in between talking on the radio-telephone to his ships, he looks across the hills heaped on the hills round Monte Carlo and plans improvements which would make Monte Carlo easily available to the British middle-income tourist.

Oddly enough Onassis, who "always keeps two million dollars handy," in case a quick deal comes up, wants to attract that sort of trade. He says, "Monte Carlo was built for the British. The British like it here and they are liked here."

His blonde 24-year-old wife Tina, who is one of the most beautiful women on the Riviera, says, "Money isn't everything. We want to make Monte Carlo the sort of place where the poorer people can go these days."

Her sister Eugenie, who is married to the other fabulous Greek shipowner, 45-year-old Stavros Spiros Niarchos, is equally distinguished.

During the war Niarchos was a first lieutenant in a Greek corvette based on Liverpool. Just

after the war he owned two tramp steamers. Now he has a fleet of tanker comparable with Onassis.

He owns a yacht too. It is only half as big as his brother-in-law's ship but it is an exceedingly beautiful object. It is a three-masted converted black schooner called Creole, but it is not large enough to carry a plane aboard.

Niarchos, who is at present cruising in Creole, gets over this by having his private Dakota standing by in case of a quick dash with his yacht. And only a day the Dakota collects his mail, flies over to his yacht, and drops it into the sea alongside in a sealed metal canister.

The parties

NIARCHOS is never without his private plane. A year or two ago, in his forties, he took up skiing. He flew to St. Moritz. He and his wife had only a modest four-room suite at the Palace Hotel. But another five rooms were needed for the crew of his Dakota. If he is using the Dakota and his wife Eugenie wants to pop over to London or Paris from her Riviera villa to buy a few clothes, he

chartered a plane for her. The plane is generally fairly full as she sometimes takes a ton of luggage with her. These short-haul jaunts usually cost over £1,000.

What else do you do if you are as rich as Niarchos or Onassis? You give parties, of course. Onassis generally throws several parties a week aboard his yacht. They do not usually cost £3,000, which was the price of the party he held in February aboard his newest and biggest tanker when it was launched. At this party 72 meagrements of champagne were served before lunch.

But most of the Onassis parties are "hot" from that scale. The other night he entertained 60 people aboard his yacht. He took them all to the Monte Carlo casino for a gala dinner. He had three tables at the dinner and his guests included Mr. Winthrop Aldrich, American Ambassador to Britain, and his wife.

The dinner cost £15 each without wine and the programmes were £2. That means the evening cost him £1,000 before he bought anyone a drink. Niarchos also throws a most luxurious party. When he brought the yacht Creole to the Thames to watch the Queen's return in May he offered his guests 80 cases of champagne and 50lb. of caviar.

Champagne

AND if you think the two fabulous Greeks are the only people who behave like that then you have not met Charles Wrightman. He does not own a yacht but he has a new Grumman Mallard—which can alight on sea or land—standing by on Nice airport. He gave the Duke of Windsor a lift in it from Esher to the other day.

Sixty-year-old Wrightman is one of the legendary Texan oil men. He has offices in Houston, but he lives 1,600 miles away in Palm Beach, Florida. If he gets bored he picks up a group of friends in Texas or Florida and flies with them to Cannes. Everything is paid for while they are with him—even their gambling debts.

When he was leaving to go back to America by plane recently he put 10 cases of champagne aboard just in case any of his friends felt thirsty on the trip.

How does he afford it? Quite easily. His oil holdings, which include parts of some of Texas's greatest oil fields, are valued at 100 million dollars. His gross income is nearly £2,000,000 a year.

So he has plenty left after he has flown a dozen friends to Europe and paid all their bills. But this sort of gesture is typical among the Big Spenders today.

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WHY DO PLANES CRASH?

By W. A. WATERTON

STRAIGHTEN out a paper clip, bend it until it breaks and you have one answer to the question I am most often asked: "Why do aeroplanes crash?"

See for yourself. Notice how the clip gets hot where you bend it and the silver-coloured plating gets a "tortured" look just before it breaks.

That is metal fatigue—metal grown tired through stress and strain. Imagine that happening to the metal of an aeroplane and you get the idea exactly.

The constant engine vibration, the buffeting in bad weather, and the bumps on landing all contribute to metal strain and final fatigue. And that can mean disaster.

Is that what happened in this latest crash—of the Dutch airliner?

Maybe. At this stage certainly it is impossible to be sure and perhaps we will never know.

For metal fatigue is still almost as much a mystery to the experts as it seems to be to most laymen.

There is evidence, for instance, that it has appeared in some planes after only 3,500 flying hours (say 18 months of normal flying). Why? No one knows.

That may have happened to the Comet. (There have been three major Comet crashes—all unaccountable.)

Something may have set up abnormal stresses which fatigued the metal quicker than the designers had allowed for.

But I am pretty sure of one thing—metal fatigue is not the most common cause of crashes, though it seems to be the fashion to think it is.

Neither has the fact that planes eventually wear out much to do with it—although, of course, planes do wear out quite apart from metal fatigue.

You can put the average life of a airliner at 10 years (25,000 flying hours), although in that time it will probably need major replacements, including several sets of new engines.

Probably at least half the world's planes are older than 10 years. But most of them have had so many "replacements" that only a part of the original plane is left.

Most BOAC and BEA planes, incidentally, are no more than six years old. So they have no old-age problems yet.

All this still leaves unanswered that original question: Why do aeroplanes crash?

Grant that some crashes occur through metal fatigue and structural faults—but I think no more than five in a hundred.

Grant that some types of planes crash because they are hard to handle and make the crew's job needlessly difficult—and there I would put the figure much higher.

For I believe that 85 percent of all crashes occur specifically in planes which tax the crew unfairly in abnormal conditions.

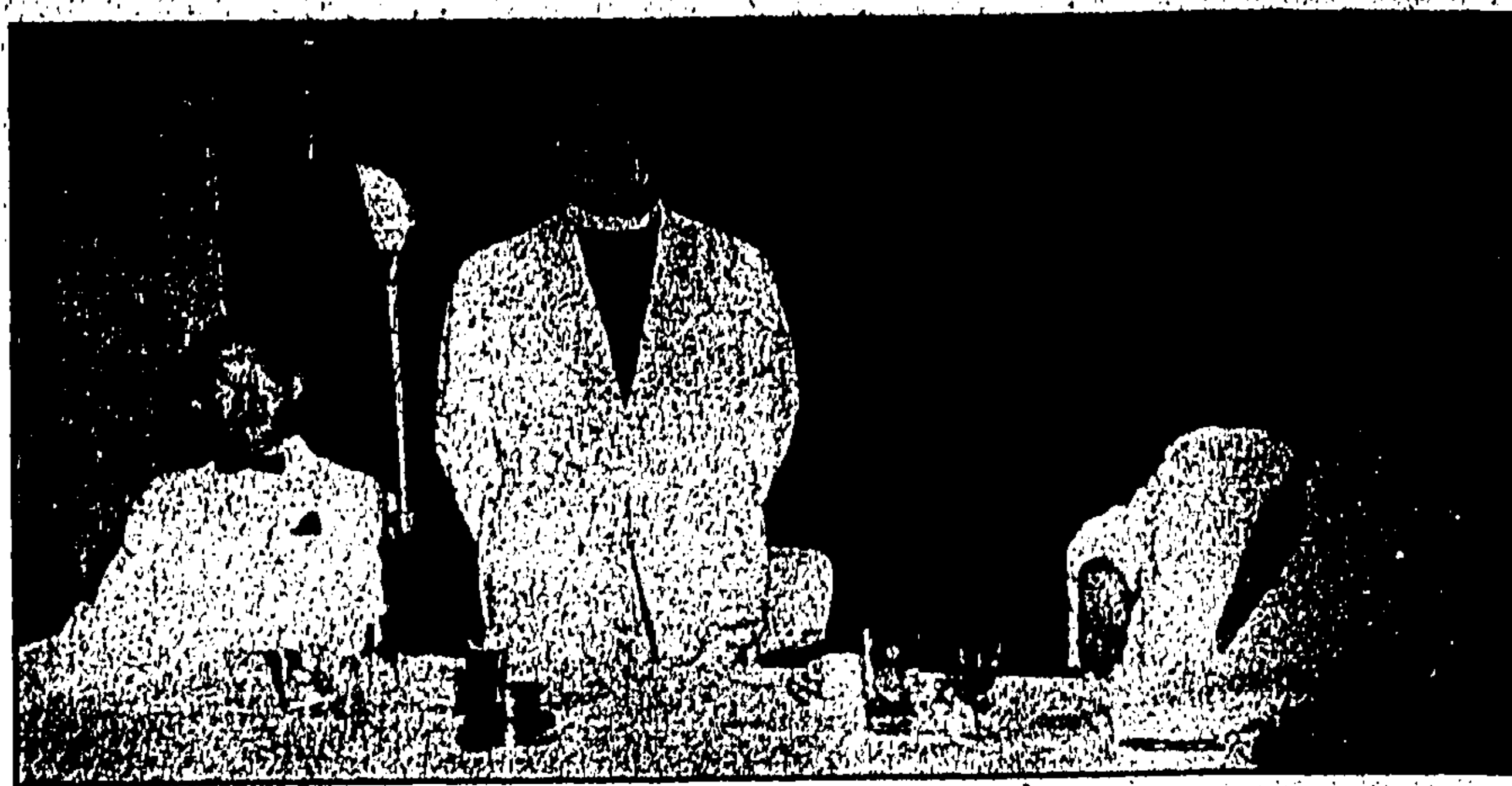
Well, these factors account for—say, 50 of every 100 crashes. The other 50? I think you can account for those in three words: the human element.

JOHNNY HAZARD

By Frank Robbins



...this situation calls for a
San Miguel



THE Rev. Bro. F. Cassian speaking at a dinner given in his honour by old boys of St Joseph's College and La Salle College at the Peninsula Hotel last Saturday. Bro. Cassian has been engaged in educational work in the Colony for many years, and was awarded the OBE in the Queen's Birthday Honours. On the left is Mr K. S. Van, President of La Salle OBA, and on the right Mr P. C. Woo, President of St Joseph's OBA. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: Mr James Andrew Cook and Miss Betty Appleyard, formerly of Hongkong, who were married at the Wesley Church, Singapore, recently. They are making their home in Western Australia. (Peter Robinson)

MR and Mrs R. J. Mackenzie and friends at the christening of their infant daughter, Judith Margaret, at St John's Cathedral last Sunday. (Staff Photographer)



LITTLE Bonita Robbins (seated in centre on sofa), daughter of Mr and Mrs E. D. Robbins, with her friends who helped her celebrate her seventh birthday last week. (Mainland)



BELOW: Mr and Mrs Lewis Francis Young entering St Margaret's Church Parochial Hall for the reception after their wedding last Saturday. The bride was Miss Margaret Thoresa Holm. (Staff Photographer)

PREPARING to drive away after their wedding, at the Registry on Monday are Mr James Leung and Miss Rita Mok. The wedding reception at the Peninsula Hotel was attended by over 300 guests. (Willie's)



THE Upper Levels Division basketball team, who won the Wong Sik-kuen Shield in the Civil Aid Services inter-zone competition. (King Wah)



TOP picture shows a scene from the playlet, "Love Is The Best Doctor," adapted from a play by Moliere, which was presented to an appreciative audience by the St Andrew's Church Youth Fellowship last Saturday. Lower picture shows Bishop Hall presenting a music prize to Janet Huang during the evening. (Staff Photographer)

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SOME of the large number of young people who were candidates for Confirmation by the Bishop of Hongkong at last Sunday's special Evensong service at St John's Cathedral. (Staff Photographer)

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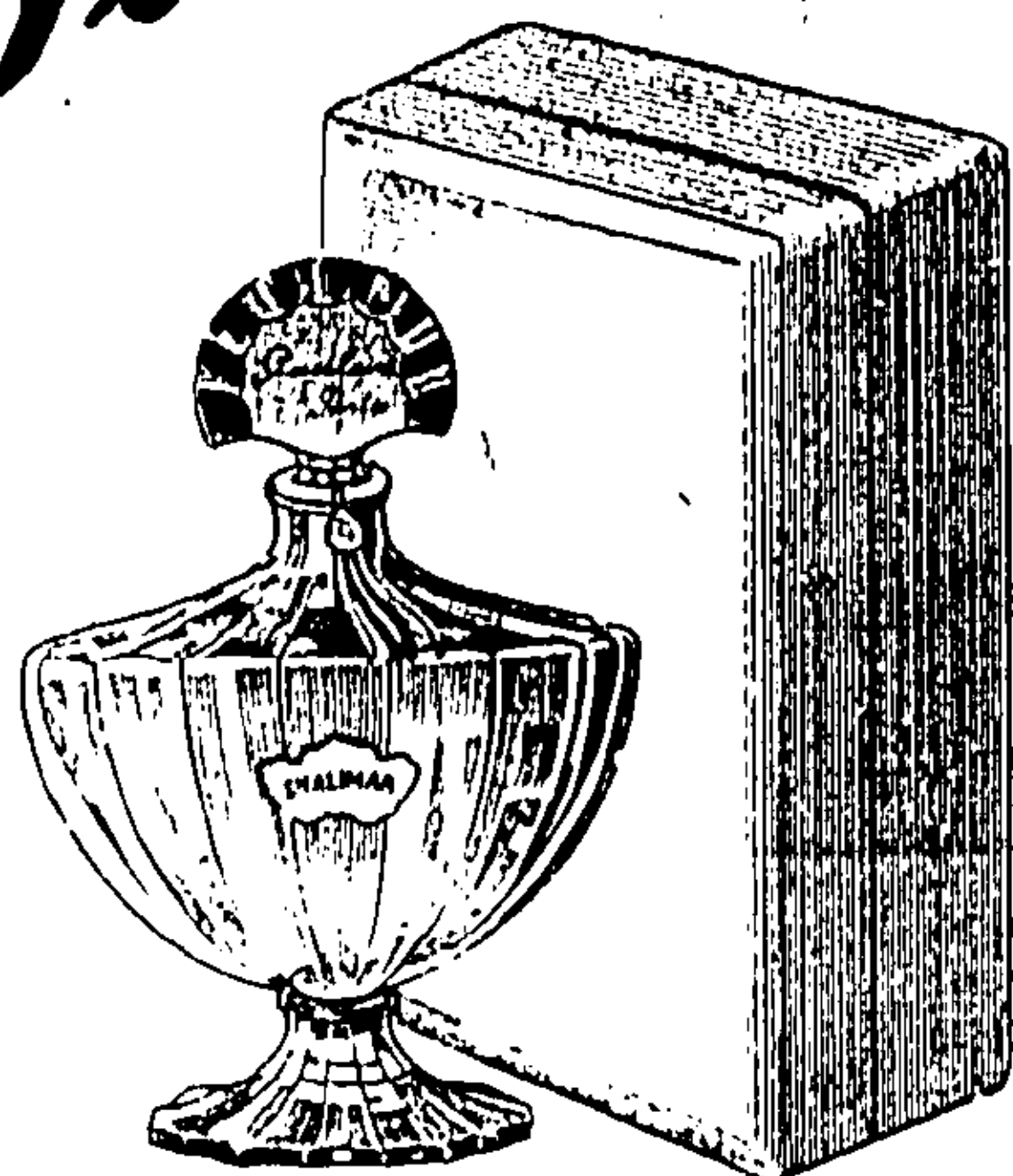
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ST. 156

Coldo
Even the slightest cold is to be feared. Do not let it spread! Defeat it from the start by taking 1 or 2 CAPASPIN.

CAPASPIN

What Do You Know About Antibiotics?

By W. W. BAUER, M.D.

ALTHOUGH the words are on virtually every tongue, there seems to be some confusion as to exactly what is meant by the term "antibiotics," often referred to as miracle or wonder drugs. Just what are they? Where do they originate? Are they truly miraculous? Medical words are usually much simpler than they look, and almost always very explicit in their meaning. This term "antibiotics" is in two parts—"anti" which means against, and "biotic," derived from the Greek bios, meaning life. The life which they oppose is that of the bacteria which threaten man and animal.

The discovery of the first of the antibiotics, penicillin, has been described many times, and has often been referred to as accidental. Scientific discoveries may surprise a scientist by the manner in which they are first observed as in the penicillin instance, but as Pasteur remarked, "chance favours only the prepared mind." What he meant was that apparently accidental observation in the laboratory could have been under the eye a thousand times and never been noticed—except by the trained mind of a scientist. Penicillin, for example.

Discovery

So Alexander Fleming, the English bacteriologist, had noted for many years that certain moulds interfered with his laboratory cultures of bacteria, but had not concentrated on this phenomenon. When he did, he was quick to observe that the moulds which got into his tubes and plates were destroying the growth of bacteria concerned in human disease. It was not hard to identify the mould as the common penicillium notatum or "brushlike" mould. This mould is often found on bread, and is related to that which gives the character to Roquefort cheese. When penicillin was announced, stories sprang up about old-fashioned remedies for cuts and wounds based on covering the injury with mouldy bread. This was, of course, a crude procedure based on folklore and experience. There is no further

need for excuse for such use today. Antibiotics such as streptomycin and aureomycin, having the common syllables "mycin" in their titles, are based on other moulds growing in the soil. The principal structure of moulds is a threadlike maze called the mycelium—hence "mycin."

The mould itself is not used in medicine, but the substance which it produces in its growth process. These substances are typical of each mould, and are of many varieties. Many are useless in medicine and it may take thousands of tests to ascertain which are valuable ones. This is one factor in their cost, since research must be paid for even when it is not directly fruitful.

Not for Amateur Use

The antibiotics save lives. They shorten illnesses and save hospital bills and reduce wage losses, thus more than offsetting their cost. They also protect heart and other vital organs against the damage formerly sustained during prolonged illness even when death did not result. They have a high degree of safety. In a measure, their reputation as "wonder" and "miracle" drugs is deserved.

But antibiotics are not entirely without undesired and sometimes serious actions upon the human body, aside from their lethal effect on attacking germs. They are not safe or suitable for use at home, or in any other manner than as prescribed by the physician for one particular illness. It is highly unwise to use antibiotic tablets or powders which may be left over from an illness, for some other patient or some other illness. For one thing, these drugs are highly selective, useful in one condition, the same preparation may be entirely valueless for some other. Diagnosis comes first, then the selection of the proper antibiotic, then correct dosage and close supervision, then possible changes in dosage or switching to another antibiotic. This is no safe indoor sport for the amateur; it is strictly a medical job.

The antibiotics have revolutionised many phases of medicine. But they do not solve all problems.

Appetising Barbecue Dinner Fare

By Alice Denhoff

WHETHER at a picnic or at home, barbecue sauce gives that tangy flavour that spurs lazy appetites.

Barbecued chicken is a good main dish that is sure to rate accolades. Prepare it in the kitchen under the broiler of the range, or cook over the open grill or on a spit. It's best when eaten outdoors.

Soak 1 garlic bud in 2 tbsp. salad oil for 1 hr.; add 1 c. tomato juice, ½ c. cider vinegar, 3 tbsp. unsulphured molasses,

¾ tsp. salt and ¼ tsp. tabasco sauce. Mix well. If chicken is to be cooked on a spit, leave it whole. If you plan to cook over an open grill or in oven broiler, cut in halves or quarters.

Salt chicken well. Brush on all sides with the barbecue sauce before the cooking begins. Bake and turn at 10 min. intervals, during cooking period for outdoor cooking, or at 5 min. intervals in oven broiler with temperature control at 450° F. (very hot). Cook until chicken is tender and appetisingly brown. Recipe yields 1½ c. sauce.

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TANGY FISH PATTIES

Barbecued Fish Patties next. For 8 patties, thoroughly mix 2 c. flaked salmon or tuna, ¼ c. each enriched flour and corn meal, 2 tsp. non-fat dry milk, 1½ tsp. salt, ¼ tsp. black pepper and 2 eggs, unbeaten. Shape mixture into 8 3-in. patties, 1 row on both sides in hot, greased frying pan. Prepare barbecue sauce and pour over the patties.

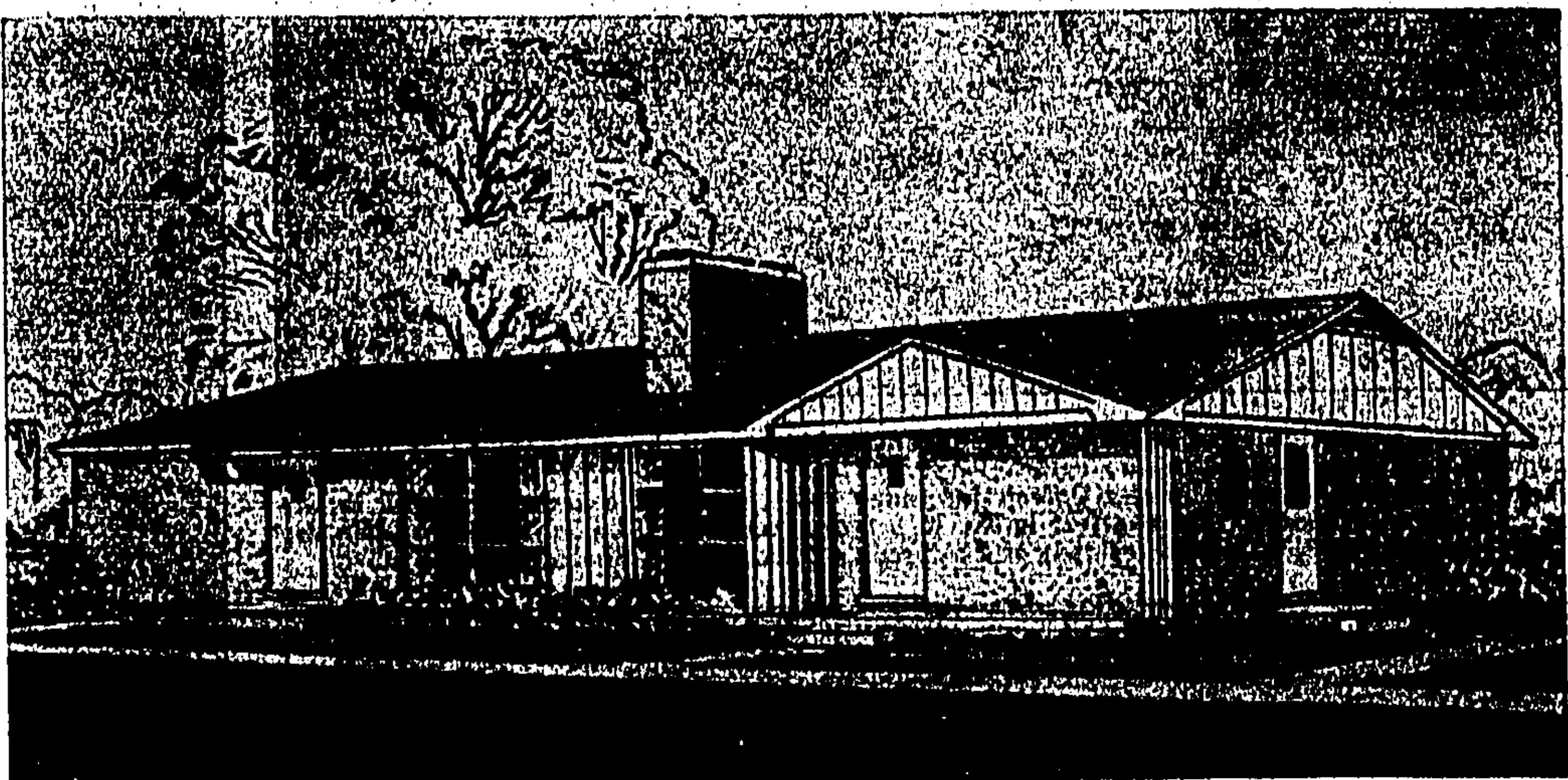
For this, mix 6-oz. tin each tomato sauce and water, ¼ c. molasses, ¼ c. vinegar, 10 drops tabasco sauce, ¼ c. chopped onion and 2 tsp. salt. Pour sauce over patties and cook until sauce has thickened—about 10 min. Serve between 2 corn meal griddle cakes for good dining.

CORN CAKES

To prepare cakes, mix 1 c. each sifted enriched flour and corn meal, 3 tsp. double-acting baking powder, ¼ c. non-fat dry milk and ½ tsp. salt. Cut in 2 tbsp. shortening until mixture resembles fine crumbs. Mix 1½ c. water, 1 tsp. molasses and 1 egg; add half to mixture and mix well. Stir in remaining liquid. Bake 4-5 min. at a time on a lightly greased hot griddle over open fire or kitchen range. Makes 16 griddle cakes—4 in. in diameter.

DON'T WASTE WATER

Practical Homecraft For One Or Two Families



THERE AREN'T MANY duplex homes that give the appearance of a single house. Plan H-322-KF does. The two front doors and the top-to-bottom picture windows are designed with pleasing balance. The gable over one door gives the effect of a main entrance.

By Joan O'Sullivan

BOTH of the homes featured today appear to be one-family houses. Actually, only one of them is.

The dwelling at the top of the page, H-322-KF, is a duplex, with the exterior so designed that it looks like a single house.

Well-Planned Units

Studying the floor plan, you'll note that each of the two units is well-planned, with all the conveniences a small family requires. The only difference between them is that one has a fireplace, the other hasn't.

A china cabinet, just inside the entrance, conveniently separates entry hall and dining area in each of the apartments. The dining and living areas are combined to make a fairly good-sized room.

Two Bedrooms and Bath

At the back of the house you'll find good closet space in both bedrooms. The bath opens on a hallway between sleeping and living quarters. Both units have full basements to provide for utilities and family storage needs.

The house comprises 32,393 cubic feet.

The family that wants a modest home of its own will be pleased with the other design, H-286-KF. A small house, it's planned to make the most of every inch of space.

No provision is made for a dining area, but a drop-leaf table at the far end of the living room could be used



DECORATIVE MOTIFS between the front bedroom windows provide a charming contrast to the brick veneer facing below. A corner picture window also adds to the attractiveness of design H-286-KF.

for company meals, while the kitchen breakfast nook might serve for family meals.

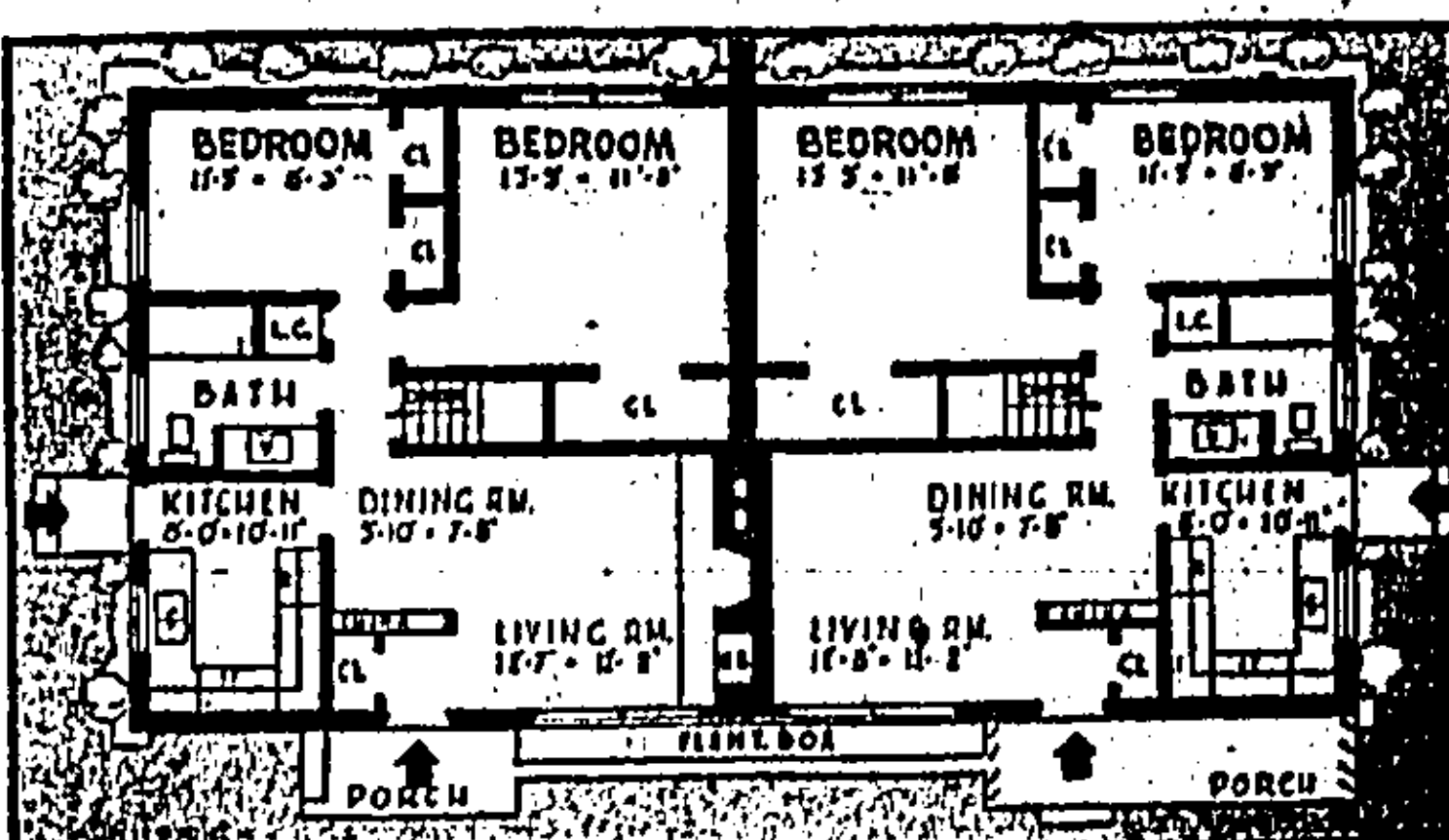
A fairly large room, the kitchen is light and airy. The sink is under a window. A broom closet, stairs to the full basement and the rear door are accessible from this area.

Sleeping Quarters

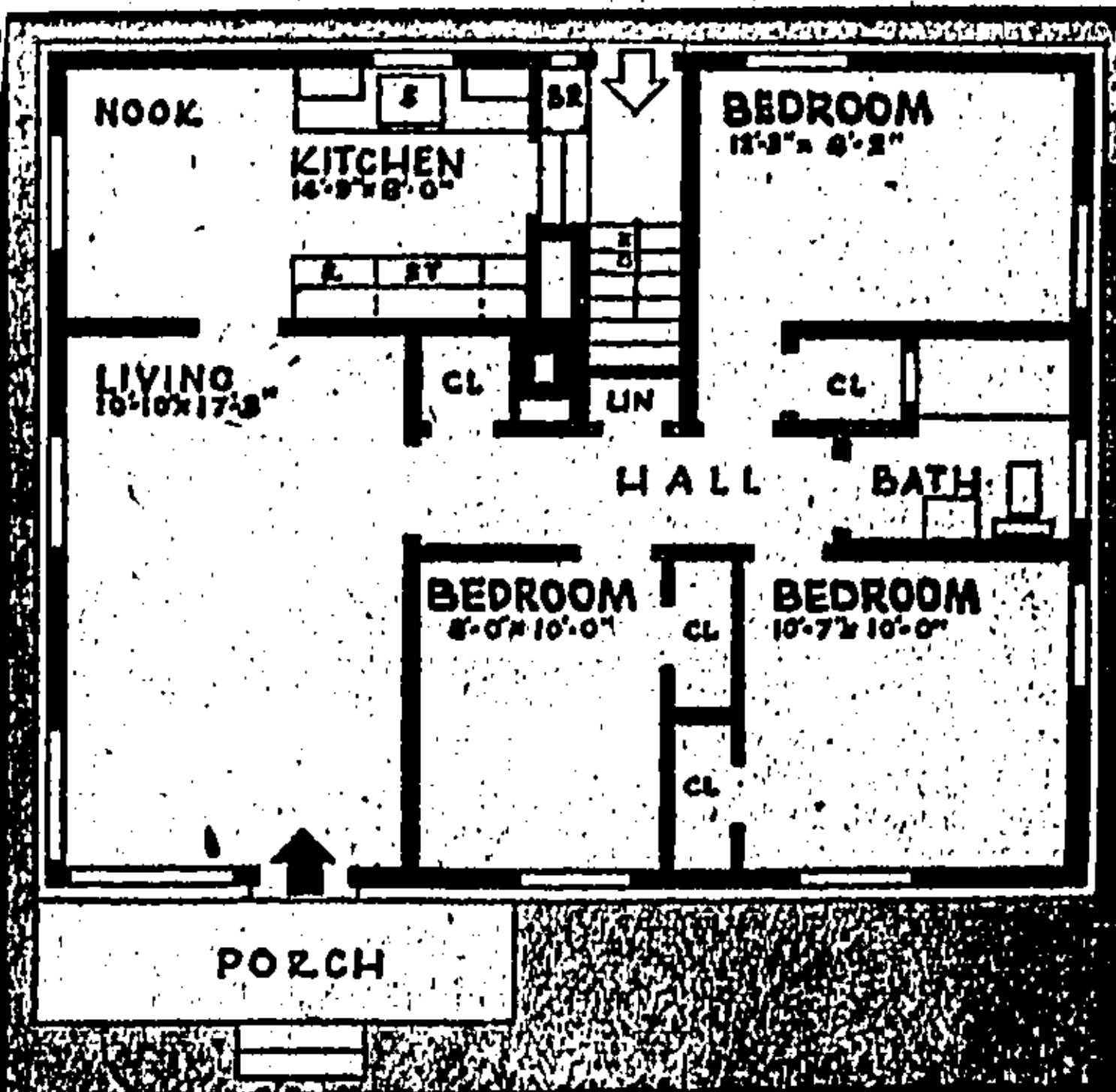
Surprisingly enough for such a small dwelling, this home has three bedrooms, all have large closets, and, except for the smallest of the bedrooms, cross ventilation.

The bath is convenient to a hall linen closet. Another closet, off the living room, is for guest wraps.

The plan comprises 17,719 cubic feet.



ONLY ONE of the apartments has a fireplace. Aside from this, the floor plan for each two-bedroom unit is exactly the same.



BECAUSE THIS is an almost square-shaped design, rooms are easily divided for living, sleeping and work areas, with little wasted space.

Don't Misuse Scissors

By Eleanor Ross

TOOLS are just as good as the care they receive, and that goes for household items just as much as for plant equipment. So it's important to do right by every piece of household equipment, including that most useful of steel servants, the scissors.

Home sewers know how much they owe to good shears, just as the housewife properly values hers.

Lifetime of Service

A good pair of scissors, or shears, properly chosen, properly used and cared for, should give a lifetime of cutting service. Like any other precision tool, they should be kept scrupulously clean, occasionally lubricated with a drop of oil at the screw, and, of course, well wiped before and after use.

Some persons have a way of sharpening scissors at home that makes a safe rule. It is best to have the sharpening done by a professional grinder. If it is suggested that "pickling" vegetables with sewing scissors

shears be returned to the factory for regrounding.

Scissors used for sewing should be kept at their sharpest, because this can make all the difference between a botched and a beautiful job. Dull blades hack, rather than cut, fabric and certainly this doesn't make for clean-cut hems, edges and seams.

Wide Selection

There is a wide selection of scissors of every type and use now on the counters of any good department, houseware or cutlery store. Good scissors are screwed rather than riveted together, and screw-jointed scissors can be tightened as the blades become loose, which isn't possible in a riveted job.

Scissors and shears of the best make are fashioned from the same type of high grade steel used for surgical instruments.

For a final note, don't misuse scissors. Each type has its own function. Don't cut thread with delicate cuticle scissors and don't cut "green" or "raw" materials with sewing scissors.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

It is important to wash stain-bit above the surface. When it less steel utensils promptly after use. Moisture trapped under food deposits can set up a chemical action which pits the surface of the metal.

Before repainting old furniture, smooth the surface by filling any dents, cracks or gaps with plastic wood. The primer coat on the treated spots and let dry before going ahead with the over-all paint job.

To keep lettuce, parsley, cabbage, etc. crisp, place in a plastic bag or wrap in plastic. The plastic will keep the vegetables from wilting.

Your Radio Listening For Next Week In Detail—A "China Mail" Feature

Description Of Farnborough Air Display

Over Radio Hongkong

The Farnborough Air Display has come to be recognised as the world's greatest display of aircraft, and the 'fastest show on earth'. In the last few days we've all been reading about the latest products of aerial research—the Midge Jet fighter, and the new jet interceptor plane, the P1, which 'slipped through the sound barrier by mistake'.

This evening you can hear all about the Display when Radio Hongkong broadcasts at 7 o'clock a recorded BBC description, by Raymond Baxter, of the wonders that are being seen, and heard, at Farnborough.

Battle of Britain week starts tomorrow. The Prime Minister's words—"Never in the field of human conflict was so much owed by so many to so few" recall most vividly those days, fourteen years ago, which began early in August and went on until late September.

On Monday evening at 8.15, Wing Commander Barthrop, DSC, AFC, himself a fighter pilot during this period—will be in the studio to broadcast an appeal on behalf of the RAF Benevolent Fund, and the RAF Association.

THE ST. LEGER

The last of the Classic races of 1954, the St. Leger, will be run in Yorkshires this afternoon, and listeners to Radio Hongkong can hear a recorded commentary on the race, at 11.15 this evening, by Raymond Glendinning and Peter O'Sullivan, relayed from the BBC.

The St. Leger is run over a mile and three-quarters on the famous Doncaster course at Town Moor, and it dates from 1779 when it was named after a local sportsman, Captain Anthony St. Leger.

MUSIC

The well known pianist and composer, Harry Ore, has planned a delightful programme of piano music with which to celebrate the "Moon Festival" this evening.

His recital comes at 9.30, and he will play the First Movement of Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata, Faure's "Clair de Lune," and two of his own compositions, "Moon Shines on a Castle," which is a variation on a Japanese song—and "The Autumn Moon" seen from a Chinese Palace," which is a Cantonese song transcribed.

Another popular local artist, Rena Kocwin, will be giving a recital of songs from the Concert Hall on Wednesday at 8.30 p.m. Her group of songs will include "Loveliest of Trees the Cherry Tree" from "A Shropshire Lad," a Lullaby by Frederick Keel, and Martin Shaw's "I know a Bank."

BOXING

On Wednesday at 11.15 p.m., boxing fans can hear a commentary by Raymond Glendinning on the British and Empire Middleweight Championship final. The match is between Gordon Hazell, of Bristol, one of the most promising British boxers of the present day, and Johnny Sullivan of Preston. Radio Hongkong will be staying on the air until 11.45 p.m. to take this commentary.

(Broadcasting on a frequency of 900 kilocycles per second and on 9.52 megacycles per second in 31 metro band).

Today

12.30 p.m. PROGRAMME SUMMARY.
12.35 RAY MARTIN AND HIS ORCHESTRA (WITH VOCAL).
1.00 TIME SIGNAL AND RADIO NEWS (LONDON RELAY).
1.15 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
1.30 LUNCHTIME MUSIC. FORCES' PROGRAMMES.
2.00 EDUCATING ARCHIE. With Peter Brough and Archie Andrews.
2.30 STUDIO: CONTEMPORARY JAZZ. Presented by Bill Perry.
3.00 STUDIO: HOSPITAL REQUESTS. Presented by Theresa.
3.30 OLIVER TWIST. By Charles Dickens. Adapted for Radio by Olive Cooper. Episode 5—"Ahab's Apprentice."
4.00 REQUESTS FROM "THE RADIO SHOW." With Edna and friends who visited the Victoria Theatre. Broadcasted from the British National Radio Show at Olympia.
4.30 ZOMBAVORE FANTASY. A musical comedy in two acts, by E. J. Moynihan and J. H. Green.

FERDINAND

1.00 TIME SIGNAL AND RADIO NEWS (LONDON RELAY).
1.15 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
1.30 LUNCHTIME MUSIC. FORCES' PROGRAMMES.
2.00 EDUCATING ARCHIE. With Peter Brough and Archie Andrews.
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4.30 ZOMBAVORE FANTASY. A musical comedy in two acts, by E. J. Moynihan and J. H. Green.

Sunday

10.00 a.m. TIME SIGNAL AND RADIO NEWS (LONDON RELAY).
10.15 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
10.30 LUNCHTIME MUSIC. FORCES' PROGRAMMES.
11.00 TIME SIGNAL AND RADIO NEWS (LONDON RELAY).
11.15 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
11.30 LUNCHTIME MUSIC. FORCES' PROGRAMMES.
12.00 CLOSE DOWN.
1.00 p.m. TIME SIGNAL AND RADIO NEWS (LONDON RELAY).
1.15 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
1.30 LUNCHTIME MUSIC. FORCES' PROGRAMMES.
2.00 CLOSE DOWN.
2.30 p.m. TIME SIGNAL AND RADIO NEWS (LONDON RELAY).
2.45 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
3.00 LUNCHTIME MUSIC. FORCES' PROGRAMMES.
3.30 CLOSE DOWN.
4.00 p.m. TIME SIGNAL AND RADIO NEWS (LONDON RELAY).
4.15 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
4.30 LUNCHTIME MUSIC. FORCES' PROGRAMMES.
5.00 CLOSE DOWN.
5.30 p.m. TIME SIGNAL AND RADIO NEWS (LONDON RELAY).
5.45 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
6.00 LUNCHTIME MUSIC. FORCES' PROGRAMMES.
6.30 CLOSE DOWN.
7.00 p.m. TIME SIGNAL AND RADIO NEWS (LONDON RELAY).
7.15 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
7.30 LUNCHTIME MUSIC. FORCES' PROGRAMMES.
8.00 CLOSE DOWN.
8.30 p.m. TIME SIGNAL AND RADIO NEWS (LONDON RELAY).
8.45 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
9.00 LUNCHTIME MUSIC. FORCES' PROGRAMMES.
9.30 CLOSE DOWN.
10.00 p.m. TIME SIGNAL AND RADIO NEWS (LONDON RELAY).
10.15 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
10.30 LUNCHTIME MUSIC. FORCES' PROGRAMMES.
11.00 CLOSE DOWN.

Monday

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1.15 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
1.30 LUNCHTIME MUSIC. FORCES' PROGRAMMES.
2.00 CLOSE DOWN.
2.30 p.m. TIME SIGNAL AND RADIO NEWS (LONDON RELAY).
2.45 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
3.00 LUNCHTIME MUSIC. FORCES' PROGRAMMES.
3.30 CLOSE DOWN.
4.00 p.m. TIME SIGNAL AND RADIO NEWS (LONDON RELAY).
4.15 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
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10.30 LUNCHTIME MUSIC. FORCES' PROGRAMMES.
11.00 CLOSE DOWN.

Thursday

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1.15 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
1.30 LUNCHTIME MUSIC. FORCES' PROGRAMMES.
2.00 CLOSE DOWN.
2.30 p.m. TIME SIGNAL AND RADIO NEWS (LONDON RELAY).
2.45 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
3.00 LUNCHTIME MUSIC. FORCES' PROGRAMMES.
3.30 CLOSE DOWN.
4.00 p.m. TIME SIGNAL AND RADIO NEWS (LONDON RELAY).
4.15 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
4.30 LUNCHTIME MUSIC. FORCES' PROGRAMMES.
5.00 CLOSE DOWN.
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10.15 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
10.30 LUNCHTIME MUSIC. FORCES' PROGRAMMES.
11.00 CLOSE DOWN.

Wednesday

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1.15 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
1.30 LUNCHTIME MUSIC. FORCES' PROGRAMMES.
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10.15 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.
10.30 LUNCHTIME MUSIC. FORCES' PROGRAMMES.
11.00 CLOSE DOWN.

BBC Overseas Shortwave Programmes

(6.30 p.m. to 12.15 a.m. on 15.070 Mc/s, 19.91m and on 17.715 Mc/s, 16.93m)

SATURDAY, SEPT. 11

7.30 p.m. "PARADISE STREET."
8.00 THE NEWS.
8.15 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
8.30 FORCES' FAVOURITES.
8.45 THE RING OF THE FIELD.
9.00 THE NEWS.
9.15 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
9.30 THE NEWS.
9.45 THE RING OF THE FIELD.
10.00 THE NEWS.
10.15 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
10.30 THE NEWS.
10.45 THE RING OF THE FIELD.
11.00 THE NEWS.
11.15 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
11.30 THE NEWS.
11.45 THE RING OF THE FIELD.
12.00 THE NEWS.

SUNDAY, SEPT. 12

7.30 p.m. SUNDAY SERVICE.
8.00 THE NEWS.
8.15 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
8.30 FORCES' FAVOURITES.
8.45 THE RING OF THE FIELD.
9.00 THE NEWS.
9.15 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
9.30 THE NEWS.
9.45 THE RING OF THE FIELD.
10.00 THE NEWS.
10.15 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
10.30 THE NEWS.
10.45 THE RING OF THE FIELD.
11.00 THE NEWS.
11.15 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
11.30 THE NEWS.
11.45 THE RING OF THE FIELD.
12.00 THE NEWS.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 16

7.30 p.m. PAVILION PLAYERS.
8.00 THE NEWS.
8.15 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
8.30 FORCES' FAVOURITES.
8.45 THE RING OF THE FIELD.
9.00 THE NEWS.
9.15 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
9.30 THE NEWS.
9.45 THE RING OF THE FIELD.
10.00 THE NEWS.
10.15 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
10.30 THE NEWS.
10.45 THE RING OF THE FIELD.
11.00 THE NEWS.
11.15 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
11.30 THE NEWS.
11.45 THE RING OF THE FIELD.
12.00 THE NEWS.

FRIDAY, SEPT. 17

7.30 p.m. HONKUN TUNES.
8.00 THE NEWS.
8.15 SPORTS ROUND-UP.
8.30 FORCES' FAVOURITES.
8.45 THE RING OF THE FIELD.
9.00 THE NEWS.
9.15 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
9.30 THE NEWS.
9.45 THE RING OF THE FIELD.
10.00 THE NEWS.
10.15 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
10.30 THE NEWS.
10.45 THE RING OF THE FIELD.
11.00 THE NEWS.
11.15 HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
11.30 THE NEWS.
11.45 THE RING OF THE FIELD.
12.00 THE NEWS.

RCA 45 RPM

EXCERPTS FROM DIDO AND AENEAS
Kirsten Flagstad—Elizabeth Schwarzkoff

DELIOUS
Conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham

FRENCH MUSIC
Played by Pierre Fournier

FIVE CHOPIN WALTZES
Played by Alfred Cortot

CHOPIN — GRANADOS — ALBENIZ
Played by Maura Lympany

MOUSTRIES
15 Chester Road, Hong Kong. Tel. 10527
23 Nathan Road, Kowloon. Tel. 59712

IT'S THE BIT OF IRISH IN THEM

Have you noticed how many world boxing champions have had a little bit of Irish in them? Here is a new series based on some of the greatest fights in history—and there's an Irishman in every one. The first tells the story of one St Patrick's night in Dublin....

Mike McTigue—In Agony, But He Beat Siki

By ALAN HOBY

It is the night of St Patrick's—March 17, 1923. Dublin is an armed city. Guns spit and bark. Bombs shake the streets, and violence and death stalk hand in hand.

For it is the time of "the troubles," and to be abroad in Dublin that night—indeed on any night in those unhappy days—is to be plunged into a nightmare of terror and mistrust.

But what's this? A mob of people are besieging the Scala, a small theatre in Princes Street. Despite the barriers and an army of huge Irish policemen, they are milling and swarming everywhere, gripped by a fever of excitement.

For tonight, Saturday, March 17, 1923, Mike McTigue, the one-time blacksmith from Ennis (Co. Clare), is fighting Battling Siki, conqueror of the great Georges Carpentier, for the Lighthweight Championship of the World.

FANTASTIC

Never has a match for a world title been staged in such a garish and fantastic setting. Describing the scenes before the fight, that distinguished boxing writer, the late Ben Benson, wrote:—

"No such contest, not in all the years I have been associated with sport, has given off such an atmosphere. We have sold at Reno, where Johnson and Jim Jeffries fought, that it was extravagantly wild, and men there died with laughter and death. But as I visualise Reno it was a model of orderliness—lame and tractable by comparison with Dublin—for at Reno men deposited their six-shooters before they took up a position at the ring-side.

In Dublin, however, on the night McTigue fought Siki, the ring-side bristled with police and green-clad soldiers every one of them armed with revolvers. Outside the hall sentries patrolled while at the entrance plainclothes men searched ticket-holders for firearms.

The master of ceremonies also announced from the stage, where the ring had been set up, that by order of the military no one would be allowed to leave the building until two hours after the fight was over.

But neither the explosions nor the red tape could curb the roaring exuberance of the 2,000 people, among them many richly-gowned women, who managed that evening to squeeze into the tiny Scala theatre.

TOAST OF IRELAND

Few remember him now, but in those days Mike McTigue was the toast of all Ireland—the boxer who had beaten American and European best, who had the most devastating knockout punch of any man alive, not excepting Jack Dempsey himself!

Had he not won 40 of his fights by knockout? Had he not returned to Ireland from America after seven glorious years in the ring, with only one defeat in 80 contests?

Why, he had even fought a no-decision bout with the terrible Harry Greb, a character straight out of Grand Guignol, who thought nothing of gouging opponents' eyes and who later became the World Middleweight Champion.

Such was their idol, their darling—Mike McTigue, the champion who had never been knocked down; who had never been counted out.

A few weeks earlier, on his arrival in Ireland from the States, where he had emigrated in 1913, the boxer had made a blunt but brief speech which enchanted every Irishman breathing.

"I don't know why they call me an Irish-American—I am an Irishman," he said, "when presented by a young lady with a box of shamrock."

McTigue added amid a storm of cheering: "Siki may be great against a Frenchman or an Englishman. He will find out what he is fighting when he is up against an Irishman."

With his dark hair, stolid eyes and wide mouth, smiling humbly at the corners, McTigue looked what he was—a typical fighting man. The embodiment of confidence, he entranced his followers still further when he declared:—

"I am ready to fight anybody in the game. After beating 20 blacks in the States—some of them boasting a weight of 140 against me, 145 lbs—I have no misgivings about meeting a coloured man, if ever confidence counted for anything."

MORE OF AN ANIMAL

And Siki, the opponent whom McTigue dismissed so contemptuously? What sort of a man was this Senegalese Negro, born Louis Phal, with his shining black body and hideously ugly face—the boxer who had been described by one eminent critic as "more of an animal than a human?"

He was incredible—like something out of a lurid melodrama. As primitive as a cavewoman, he had stunned all France when six months earlier he pulped Carpentier to a jelly, transforming him from a handsome athlete into a ghastly physical wreck unable to stand, his nose broken, his classic features mashed.

Siki's victory had been all the more astonishing in that he was entered as the underdog. From Carpentier in the opening rounds. Indeed, Carpentier toyed with him and after Siki had gone down from one punch with the obvious intention of staying on the canvas, the referee had to tell him to get up.

Carpentier, however, treated the Negro too contemptuously on that tragic Sunday afternoon in Paris when he lost his world title. For suddenly the Senegalese caught the white man with a lucky swing, blood rushed from Carpentier's lips and Siki, in a second, became a crazy, cowering maniac. The rest is too horrible to describe.

There was no holding the illiterate Siki after his slaughter of France's Orichid Man. From an obscure dishwasher in a Marseilles restaurant he became almost overnight the fêted and fawned-on boulevardier.

Everywhere he went he took a pet leopard on a silver chain, and soon his grotesque, black pumpkin of a face was a familiar sight along the Champs Elysees and in Montparnasse. But his popularity soon waned.

Not only was he drunken and disorderly, but whenever he entered a restaurant his snarling leopard scared the customers, almost out of their wits, and when at last he was persuaded to go to Ireland and defend his title all Paris heaved a sigh of relief.

BIZARRE TOUCHES

Even then Siki refused to fight McTigue unless his three managers, with their wives, were allowed to accompany him. The Negro made one other stipulation. In addition to his leopard, he had another pet—a donkey. This must come along with him, too.

To add the final bizarre touch, when at last Siki and his extraordinary entourage set out for Dublin, they went by cattleboat so that Siki would not be parted from his donkey. What the chic French wives thought of this arrangement I cannot imagine.

And the fight itself? McTigue, grim, but fit, stepped into the ring clad in a sober, grey dressing gown. He was followed by Siki, attired in a gaudy robe of red and purple, an expansive smile creasing his thick lips. He sat preening himself in his corner, but on the clang of the bell shot from his chair.

With vicious left hooks and right swings, Siki was out to finish the fight quickly. Weaving in and out and rolling his eyes, Siki cornered McTigue on the ropes and threw a right hand which would have felled a bullock. But it struck thin air. McTigue glided away.

Snoring and grunting, the ferocious-looking Negro tried different tactics. He straightened up and, in the words of a contemporary writer, "advanced, arms outstretched, with a rocking, undulating motion like some big black battleship." Again the Irishman wasn't there.

Instead, Siki's eyes blinked as an educated and exceedingly straight left hand tapped him on the nose. This was followed by another left, and then another until, as round succeeded round, Siki's concealed grin was wiped away and his features became contorted with fury.

Then he threw short, wild jabs at the elusive Irishman with the dancing feet, stamping his own left foot like an enraged bull as he did so. Most of these punches sped harmlessly past Siki's head, or if they did land they did little damage as the Irishman, with his peculiar, sideways stance, kept his jaw tucked well into his shoulder.

Suddenly a flame of excitement licked through the crowd. Their own Mike McTigue, giving away a stone and several years, was nailing the crude Siki on the nose almost every time the Negro rushed him. He was making him look like a novice, but why, oh why, didn't he put across his famous right-hand smash?

BROKE HIS THUMB

The fans were baying for the knockout. But Siki was immensely strong. Moreover, unknown to the crowd, McTigue in the fourth round had broken his thumb against Siki's skull.

McTigue, who fought an absolutely silent fight, simply clenched his teeth and said nothing but he was in agony several times nearly "groaned with pain" as he admitted later.

On it went—hide and seek, cat and mouse, with Siki growling more and more bewildered and angry, and McTigue the personification of coolness. But Siki was not finished. In the eleventh round, after a hectic burst of rough stuff inside, one of Siki's swings split McTigue's eye.

Ted Broadbent, who was looking after McTigue and was in his corner described the incident later. Jack Smith, the referee, went over to the corner to have a look at it.

"I haven't the slightest doubt," Broadbent said, "if he could really have seen it, he would have stopped the fight instantly. When I saw him coming, however, I hastily covered the eye with a towel and said, 'All right, Jack; there's nothing to worry about, I'll be responsible for his eye.'"

The referee took Broadbent's word and allowed the fight to go on. McTigue's superior ringcraft and cleaner hitting brought him the verdict over 20 rounds.

And that is how wonderful Mike McTigue beat Battling Siki practically with one hand to become the first Irishman ever to win a World Championship in his native land.

Today McTigue, who had to have seven stitches inserted in the cut, is one of Ireland's forgotten men. He lives in New York and has been ill for some years.

Siki was found murdered two years later in the Hell's Kitchen district of New York, one of the toughest, criminal quarters in the world.

(London Express Service)

PLAN YOUR GAME—AND BEWARE OF OPPONENTS WHO CHATTER

Says BERNARD HUNT

To knock shots off your regular round you must either improve your ability to strike the ball better—or use your head. And I would say the art of using your common sense is the quicker and, in some ways, the surer method.

I know that some people hate the word "planning." It sounds too methodical, specially applied to sport. Right now I would avoid it if I knew a better word for what I want to say. But I don't. So I am urging you this week to save shots on your regular round by planning.

Please don't think that professional tournament players escape this necessity. Far from it. They apply more planning to their games than anybody else. It is bread and butter to them. Why do you think we all rush up to a tournament course as early as we can to get in practice rounds? We are not there merely to practice our shots. We could do that at home very much more cheaply. No, we are there to have a good look at the land, to study the features of each hole, to note the lie of each green, to decide the best method to get round in the least number of strokes. In short, to plan our game.

I MAKE NOTES

Many of us note the most important things on our cards. If I come to a hidden hole, for instance, I carefully note the best position—to left or right—to play my drive, the number of the iron I need for my second and best line for the shot to the pin.

If the ground runs from the left of the green, obviously that must be the way in. If a green tends to slope away I note the need to play shorter than usual or if it slopes the other way note that I can safely bang my shot up to the pin. Always, after a practice round, I check up on the last shots I have had to play. Usually I find that three of them have had far more use than the others. So when I get out for a solid couple of hours work-out on the practice ground these are the clubs I polish up on most carefully. It is common sense, isn't it? To work things out in this way is planning your game.

I am perfectly sure that if the average handicap player spent a few minutes planning his way round his own course he could save a handful of shots. I know that many will argue that they cannot plan because they cannot guarantee where

their drive will land or how well they might hit or miss-hit a number four iron. My answer to that is that golf is a positive game—you must be positive in thought and positive in action. When you stand on a tee you must decide "I intend to hit the ball on THAT line" and get through the ball with that firm intention. You will be surprised how often you will succeed. If you dither around and say "I hope this lands somewhere off the fairway" and just swing hopefully you will get nowhere or anywhere.

"LET BIRDIES COME"

The same applies in your attitude to an approach shot to the green. The attitude must be "I am playing for the pin." It must NOT be "I must play a little this way or a little that way in case I miss-hit and get into that bunker." Dithering play of that sort is the surest way of getting exactly in the bunker or near it.

So do try planning. Decide before you start that when you KNOW you cannot possibly reach a green with your second shot, that you will not take a brassie off a tight lie and have a go anyway. It is far better to accept the fact, play nicely up the middle with an iron, and be content to drop your third against the pin. You will get far more birdies that way.

I always remember Bobby Locke's advice: "Never press for birdies... let 'em come. There's a lot of sense in that" and a lot of birdies. You will get many more fours at five holes by playing them as fives than trying to press your way for four from the start. Sounds Irish but it's true. A one-putt is more likely than a miracle approach from the rough. Think it out.

ALWAYS BE CALM

The same idea applies if you are trapped in a bunker. If you cannot possibly get the green why try to get out with a big club? Surely the answer must be to get out for sure and try for the green with the next shot. And if you do make a bad shot and lose your temper for a moment, please have the will to walk slowly to your next shot.

When you are angry you tighten up. And when you tighten up you invariably play another bad shot. A moment to relax, to have a practice swing to calm yourself, is worth shots galore. Without wishing to be ungenerous, this applies strongly to the ladies, so many of whom dash so quickly from trouble to trouble instead of pausing for a moment to decide their best way out.

Finally apply your common sense to your opponents. The people you like to play with are all right. I am referring now to the ruthless, the glibbers, the dewdriers and the natters. Any one of these can put you off your game completely—if you let them.

By far the best and happiest way is to tackle them, good-naturedly, on the first tee and make it quite clear that you have no intention of being rushed or talked to death. I know it might be tricky sometimes—but if you have the courage to do it it is by far the best way.

You will be surprised how many of the ruthless and dewdriers will be glad of your reminder. Half of them just do not know their fault. The natters, I admit, are more difficult. Especially among the ladies. But as you can't natter and dewdrier the firm but polite line is the best way out.

Again, I insist, this points within the original framework of my advice to improve your game by planning it.

STARS STEP OUT TO HELP VILLA

By JAMES CONNOLLY

Look out, Wolves! There's a challenge on your doorstep for the young stars in the Midlands, the most prolific source of talent in Britain.

It comes from Aston Villa, where Eric Houghton and Jimmy Hogan have tried out 170 youngsters so far.

Two famous Villa players who might be first-teamers are playing in the third and fourth teams to help the Houghton revival plan.

Houghton needed a player experienced in the Villa mould to help the boys along. "Like a good waiter you must give them the right service, which means serving the ball in the correct way."

This encouragement for local talent has paid well in the Midlands. West Bromwich have more than a smattering of their own youngsters on the staff, and at Birmingham Bob Brooksbank can boast that two-thirds of his playing staff came through the nursery scheme he founded five years ago.

(London Express Service)

Best Young Cricketer Of The Year

Peter Loader, 24-year-old Surrey fast-medium bowler who is in the MCC team leaving for Australia on September 15, has been voted the best young cricketer of the year by members of the Cricket Writers' Club.

He will receive the trophy at the club's annual dinner in 1953. Loader received an overwhelming majority of votes in the ballot for which five names were chosen.

The four others were Frank Tyson (Northants), also going to Australia, F. J. Titmus, the Middlesex all-rounder, J. D. Bannister (Warwickshire) and J. Mortimore (Gloucestershire).

Loader, who got his first England cap against Pakistan in the last Test, is in his third year as a professional. This summer to date he has taken 109 wickets for an average of 14.42 apiece.

(London Express Service)

\$49,822 PROFIT FOR ARSENAL THIS SEASON

Arsenal's profit last season, when they finished 12th in the First Division, was £49,822—compared with £31,715 for the previous season when they were League Champions.

Chief factor in this rise, however, was the transfer of Ray Daniel, the Welsh international centre-half, to Sunderland at a fee of about £28,000. More than one and a quarter million spectators attended Arsenal home matches and gate receipts rose by £6,000 to £1,109,884.

As in the 1952-53 season, average attendances at the Gunners' away matches was higher than for any other club in the League.

(London Express Service)

EUROPEAN CHAMPION



Vladimir Kuts, a Ukrainian serving as a sailor in the Soviet Navy, won what was advertised months before it took place as one of the greatest races of all time when he took the 5,000 Metres title at the European Athletic Championships from Chris Chataway and Emil Zatopek, the former record-holder and champion.

Kuts set a world record for the distance of 13 minutes 56.0 seconds in winning by a hundred yards. A week later Zatopek tried at Stockholm to regain the record, but failed by three-fifths of a second.

At the London-Moscow match at the White City, London, on October 19, Kuts is likely to be seen in action against Gordon Pirie, now recovering from the heel injury that necessitated his withdrawal from both the Empire Games and the European Championships.—Central Press Photo.

Curtain Coming Down On The Lawn Bowls League Season

By "TOUCHER"

For a number of clubs, this afternoon's Lawn Bowls League matches will bring down the curtain to their League season.

However, the programme of nine matches scheduled for this afternoon will not be without interest.

Main highlight will be furnished in the Third Division where the struggle for top honours will reach its climax with the meeting of the two top contenders, Filpino Club and Indian Recreation Club.

The Filpino must repeat their earlier 4-1 win over the Indians to make sure of this Division's honours.

At the moment the Indians are 2½ points behind their rivals with a match in hand and can afford to lose by 2-3 as they will still win the title if they chalk up four points in their last outstanding match.

The Indians will have the advantage of playing on their home green this time and are likely to make sure of the Championship by scoring a 4-1 victory.

IND v. KCC

Of the three First Division matches, that between Indian Recreation Club and Kowloon Cricket Club will probably attract the most interest.

The Cricket Club bowlers still have that one in a thousand chance of catching up on the League-leading Recreio "Blues"—if they beat the Indians by 6-0 in this last game and the "Blues" lose to the KCC by the same margin in their remaining match.

The chance is probably much longer than that of the race winners, principally because the runners-up and third positions will be well assured of the runners-up position—but a 5-0 defeat will bring the Indians on level terms with them.

Of further special interest in this match will be the struggle for slips' honours by the KCC skipper, W. Hong Sing and T. E. Baker. Hong Sing is at the moment at the top of the table, 2½ points ahead of Baker, but a slip could see Baker ahead of him on each.

Also in the running for the runners-up and third place is the Kowloon Cricket Club who will be well assured of the Bowling Green title, in their last match, if they win. The Villa Club, who are a side stock in the Villa Club, will be well assured of the Villa Club title, in their last match, if they win.

TODAY'S GAMES

First Division
KCC v. IND
KCC v. KCC
IND v. KCC

Second Division

PRC v. Recreio
CCC v. USRC
HKFC v. Talkoo

Third Division

PRC v. HKFC
KCC v. HKFC
IND v. FC

LEAGUE STANDINGS

First Division

Team	P	W	D	L	Pts
Recreio	10	12	0	3	55½
KCC	16	10	0	5	50½
CCC	16	10	0	6	40
IND	16	10	0	6	45½
KCC	16	8	0	8	35½

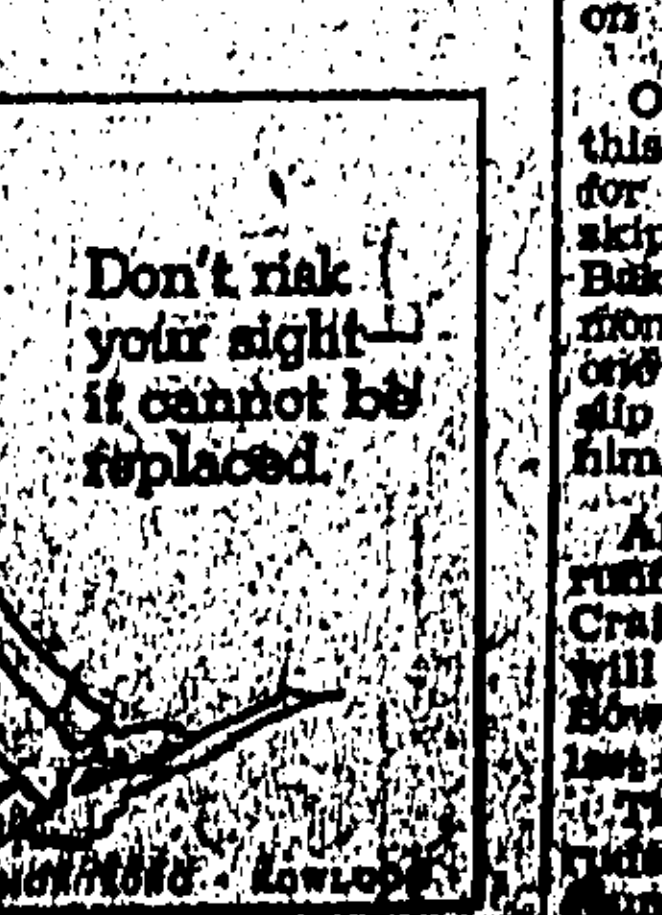
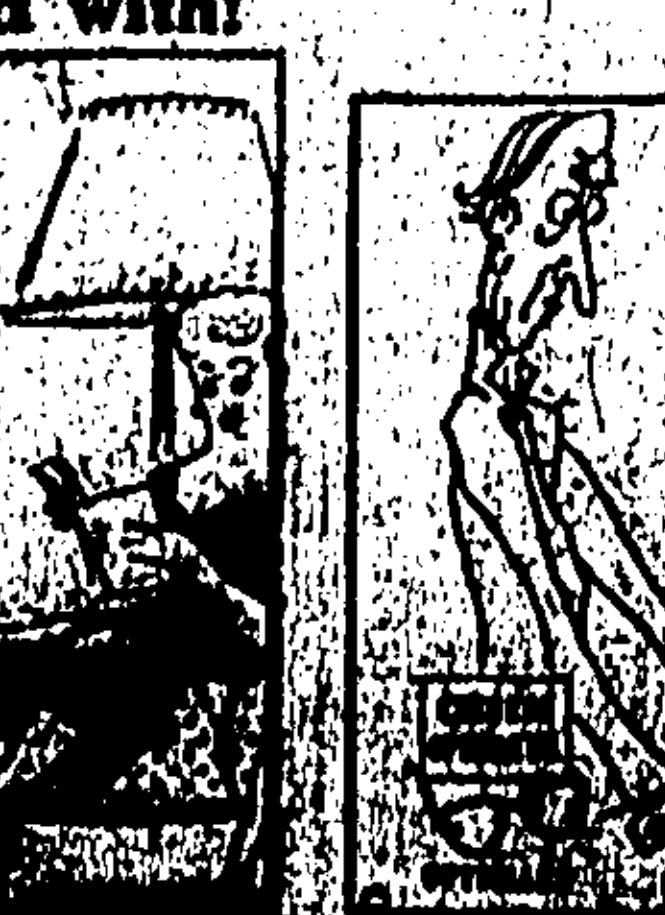
Second Division

Team	P	W	D	L	Pts
Recreio	16	8	0	8	20
PRC	16	8	0	8	20
FC	16	8	0	8	20
KCC	16	8	0	8	20

Third Division

Team	P	W	D	L	Pts
FC	16	11	0	5	55
IND	16	10	0	6	50
HKFC	16	8	0	8	35
PRC	16	8	0	8	35
IND	16	8	0	8	35

POP



Toys with!

Don't risk your right—it cannot be replaced.

SPORTING SAM

By Reg. Wootton



Portsmouth Appear In Danger Of Going Too Continental

Says ARCHIE QUICK

Portsmouth appears to be in danger of going too Continental. Their manager, Eddie Lever, director Harry Wain and trainer Jimmy Nichol went to Switzerland and watched the World Cup series, the triumph of Germany and the astounding skill of the Hungarians. What a nice thing it would be, they said, if we could take this brand of football home to our customers.

So back to Fratton Park they went, impregnated with ideas. Continental-style jerseys, with crew-neck and short sleeves, light weight shorts were bought. The players were taught a new technique. All fine and dandy until they ran up against the Championship defence of Wolverhampton Wanderers and the canny captaincy of England's skipper Billy Wright.

Wright knows everything there is to know of overseas strategems. He let Pompey get on with it, roving centre-forward and Portsmouth interchanged positions, passed speedily and accurately and dazzled with science.

All the while Wright, marshalling his men like a general, tunnelled back on a defence in depth. Result: no goals for Portsmouth and a point for Wolves. So perfect was the Wanderers' defensive covering—even when they were reduced to nine men against eleven—that few shots got through to goalkeeper Bert Williams.

So there must be something in West Bromwich Albion manager V.C. Buckingham's pronouncement: "No Hungarian style for us." One must remember that it is only of recent times that the Continentals have allied to their undoubted skill the ability to shoot. Portsmouth, in groping for this skillful shadow may lose the gulf's substance.

Down at Fratton Park, Dug Reid was a champion of his opinion that National Service has no ill-effects on the footballing progress of the young professional.

Said big Duggie: "They say the opposition in Army Soccer is so moderate that the young professionals lose sense of match play and determination in tackling. To be so much better than the others should give him confidence as it does first team players in club trials against the reserves."

Next ex-Serviceman to get a "cap" will surely be young Ray Wood, of Manchester United, late R.A.F. He will probably succeed Gilbert Merrick in the England goal.

WHICH THE BIGGEST? Which is the largest football ground in Great Britain? The honour goes, of course, to Hampden Park, Glasgow, and there follow, in varying order, perhaps, Wembley and the enclosures of Chelsea, Everton, Liverpool, etc. Charlton grounds high among the "might be's" but, ironically enough, a Third Division club possesses what could be the biggest of them all—Crystal Palace's Selhurst Park.

It could be built up to hold 180,000, but, even now, its ground record stands at 78,000 for an International between England and Wales in 1924. All these years the wide open spaces have gaped while the club has toiled in Divisions Two and Three to raise a team worthy of it.

The blueprints have lain in the drawer waiting for the income necessary to develop the huge site. But, Palace have never been able to reach the heights. If they did they would undoubtedly become "The Arsenal" of South London.

SPECIAL TIE FOR HOLE-IN-ONE GOLFERS

Golfers in Britain who have holed in one will shortly be able to wear a special tie. Called the "One-holer", it shows a putter and flag crossed and bisected by the figure 1 on a maroon background. The new tie, which was invented by a man who cannot yet wear it, can be obtained only through secretaries of golf clubs on production of a certificate that the applicant has at least one hole-in-one to his credit. No shop will sell the tie. (London Express Service)

London for they have the whole of North-East Surrey and North-West Kent to themselves as well as the South London Metropolitan area.

Manager Laurie Scott, one of fourteen ex-Arsenal players managing clubs in and out of the League, toils at Selhurst to get that elusive successful team together, and he has a new and business-like Board of Directors to back him, but the right blend will not come, and from what I saw of the side against N. Thompson, the goal is as far off as ever.

Talking of the ability to tap a large population, I have heard a rumour that badly-supported Charlton Athletic may pack up their bits and pieces at The Valley and move to Northolt, in Middlesex, where they would have an even greater monopoly of North-West London than Palace enjoy at Selhurst. There would be no one near them. The site in mind, I believe, is the old pony racecourse. Isn't it strange that Charlton have the team and cannot draw the public? Palace haven't the team and can't!

Alleged secret new moves in football are generally so much balderdash, but Manager Scott has had one rehearsal in club trials, and it came off against Northampton.

Left winger Devonshire was in possession on the halfway line when full back McDonald raced through on the extreme wing and called for the ball. Devonshire loosed it to him at the crucial moment, and McDonald, in true Hungarian style, took it while in full flight. Northampton's defence was ripped wide open by the sudden appearance of an extra forward. By a piece of good fortune McDonald's lob from the touch-line dropped into the far top corner of the net for a winner. Lucky, if you like, but the intention was there.

DISILLUSIONMENT Everybody tries to climb aboard the League bandwagon. All the ambitious non-League clubs apply year after year for permission to the select circle. Peterborough this past season are an outstanding example. A dozen other clubs are longing for the chance of showing their paces in the higher grade.

And what happens? Disillusionment all round. Gillingham rue the day that they were re-elected to the Third Division to become a moderately successful

side instead of riding the high horse in the Southern League. But even a greater case is Colchester. Their doughty Cup-tie deeds fired them with ambition to bring even more League football to East Anglia despite the proximity of Ipswich, Norwich and Southend.

Thanks chiefly to manager Ted Fenton, now chief at West Ham, they beat Huddersfield, Bradford, Wrexham and other League sides in a hectic two-season Cup career. On the strength of that they were chosen by the League. Fenton left, so did his successor Jimmy Allen, and so too did a lot of their fair weather supporters, and most of the Directors who decided upon the fatal step.

New manager Jack Butler is left holding the baby. The club has only seventeen full time professionals to run three professional League sides, the crowds have dwindled to a mere 8,000—a good day—and, if it were not for a loyal Supporters' Club, Colchester United would indeed be feeling the drought. Trouble is the wide gulf between non-League and Third Division football, poor though a lot of the latter may be. There is not a non-League club in the country, apart possibly from Peterborough, Wigan and Macclesfield, who are averaging 5,000 spectators for home matches.

A League side cannot be run on that sort of support, and yet, like rabbits fascinated by a stoat, the non-League still keep applying. Hope runs eternal with them, but it is a false optimism.

Scunthorpe, alone, of the newly elected have done well. Gillingham moderately so, but the Colchesters and Workingtons of this world keep trailing behind, and the remarkable thing is that there are so many willing to take their places.

If by any chance Walsall have to apply for re-election next May, it is almost certain that they will be thrown out for it would be their fourth successive year of application. But you can rest assured that there will be many hopeful clubs only too ready to step into their shoes—and unless they have abnormal good fortune they will regret it.

It takes at least five years for a club to establish itself, and as I see it there is no club in the land that can afford to wait that time. But assuredly they will try! The Oliver Twists keep asking for more.

THE PAKISTANI SPIRIT WAS MAGNIFICENT AND WHOLLY ADMIRABLE

Says ALEC BEDSER

I wonder what odds the punter at the start of the 1954 English season would have obtained if he had wanted to back Pakistan to draw the series with England. No doubt they would have been very long, for here was a case of the youngest cricketing power on its first official tour tackling the side which had some claim to be currently the strongest in the world.

Yet the extraordinary weather which we English have to endure, plus the magnificent and wholly admirable spirit of the Pakistanis, produced what must be the most surprising turn-up of the form book for a decade.

No country previously on a first tour of England has been able to avert defeat, and, what is more, the crowds were so large during the last Test at the Oval that Pakistan now have a fair chance of returning home with some cash in hand. At least, they will not suffer a deficit.

WORST IN MEMORY

I think this is the climax to a season which most of us will want to forget. The weather has been the worst in living memory, and several of the key players have been struggling to find form.

Len Hutton, England's captain, has had the worst experience of all, and he must have thought that it was a strange twist of fate that, from the very balcony at the Oval where 12 months previously he had stood as conqueror of the Australians, he now had to congratulate A. H. Kardar, the Pakistan captain—as a disappointed loser.

As many of my readers might know, I did not play in the final Test and I was assisting Surrey at the time at Cheltenham. The news of England's impending downfall came as a shock, but the remarkable fact remained that nine out of every ten Englishmen on the last day were hoping for a Pakistan victory. The general attitude was—"It will do their cricket more good than it will ours."

But, of course, the defeat led to much controversy and no small criticism. It was asked: will this unexpected defeat harm our prospects in Australia? One critic suggested it was the most humiliating sporting defeat England had suffered since the United States won the famous World Cup Soccer match four years ago.

The selectors, too, were inevitably castigated on the score they should not have experimented

with the England side as the "rubber" had not been clinched. Yet, many of the same ilk were suggesting England should play the "B" team for the remainder of the series after the one-sided Test at Nottingham. It all goes to show the glorious uncertainty of this game of cricket. That might be a little remark, but it is as true now as it ever was.

CONTROVERSIAL

Pakistan now intend to consolidate their achievement and they plan to take back at least three English coaches. They are also exploring the possibilities of having English umpires for the forthcoming series with India.

Should they persuade India to fall in line with this idea I do not think it alters in any way the prospects in Australia. For one thing the England XI was in the nature of an experiment, and it should not be forgotten that after dismissing Pakistan for a low first innings score England lost all opportunity for building up a lead by having to bat on a sticky wicket.

Then there has been some reaction after the strain of competing for places in Hutton's team. In any case, one game surely cannot provide all the evidence necessary to form a guide on a side's potentialities.

For one thing, Len Hutton is bound to be nearer his true form in Australia, and in three innings for England against Pakistan his aggregate was a mere 19 runs. How many West Indian and Australian sides would have laughed at the possibility of getting the Yorkshire master out for such an incredibly low total. I feel someone is going to pay for all this!

THIRD DOUBLE

George Tribe, one of the many Australians now engaged in English county cricket, has completed the double (1,000 runs and 100 wickets) for the third year in succession. He was the only player to do the double last year and was the first to reach the coveted figures this summer.

George is a left-arm unorthodox spinner and a left-hand bat, and since he threw in his lot with Northamptonshire he has been a considerable force in English cricket.

Bruce Beeland, of Nottinghamshire, Vic Jackson and Jack Walsh, both of Leicestershire, Jock Livingstone, of Northamptonshire, and Ken Grievace, of Lancashire, are other Australians who have happily settled in England since the war. Two others are in the process of qualifying: Walker, formerly the New South Wales fast left-arm bowler, for Nottinghamshire, and McCall, the Queensland spinner, for Somerset.

However, it is harder now for overseas players to take their

place in English country cricket, for the qualifying period has been extended to three years, plus the important fact that the qualifier must now play his cricket inside his own county during the intermediary period. This prevents a qualified player from going off to play in the Leagues some hundred miles away from his qualifying residence.

Cricket Rule On New Ball May Change

By RICHARD LYNTON

The alteration in the life of the cricket ball from 65 overs to 200 runs, which was brought into operation in the first-class games this year, is meeting with a deal of criticism, and may not be continued next season as was intended.

County captains with whom I have discussed the 200 runs rule recently say it is arbitrary in operation, and in particular penalises quick scoring. There is likely to be considerable pressure to secure a return to using the number of overs to decide when a new ball may be taken.

At present the more runs the batting side make per over the sooner they put into the hands of their opponents the weapon of the new ball and the additional striking power it confers on the faster bowler.

Obviously batsmen are not going to make things any more difficult for themselves than they need, unless they have to score against time to win a match, when the additional risks arising from the new ball are worth taking.

HIGHER AVERAGE

The result, as might be expected, is that the number of overs now bowled with each new ball varies within very wide limits, and that the average has risen considerably above the figure of 65, at which it was previously set.

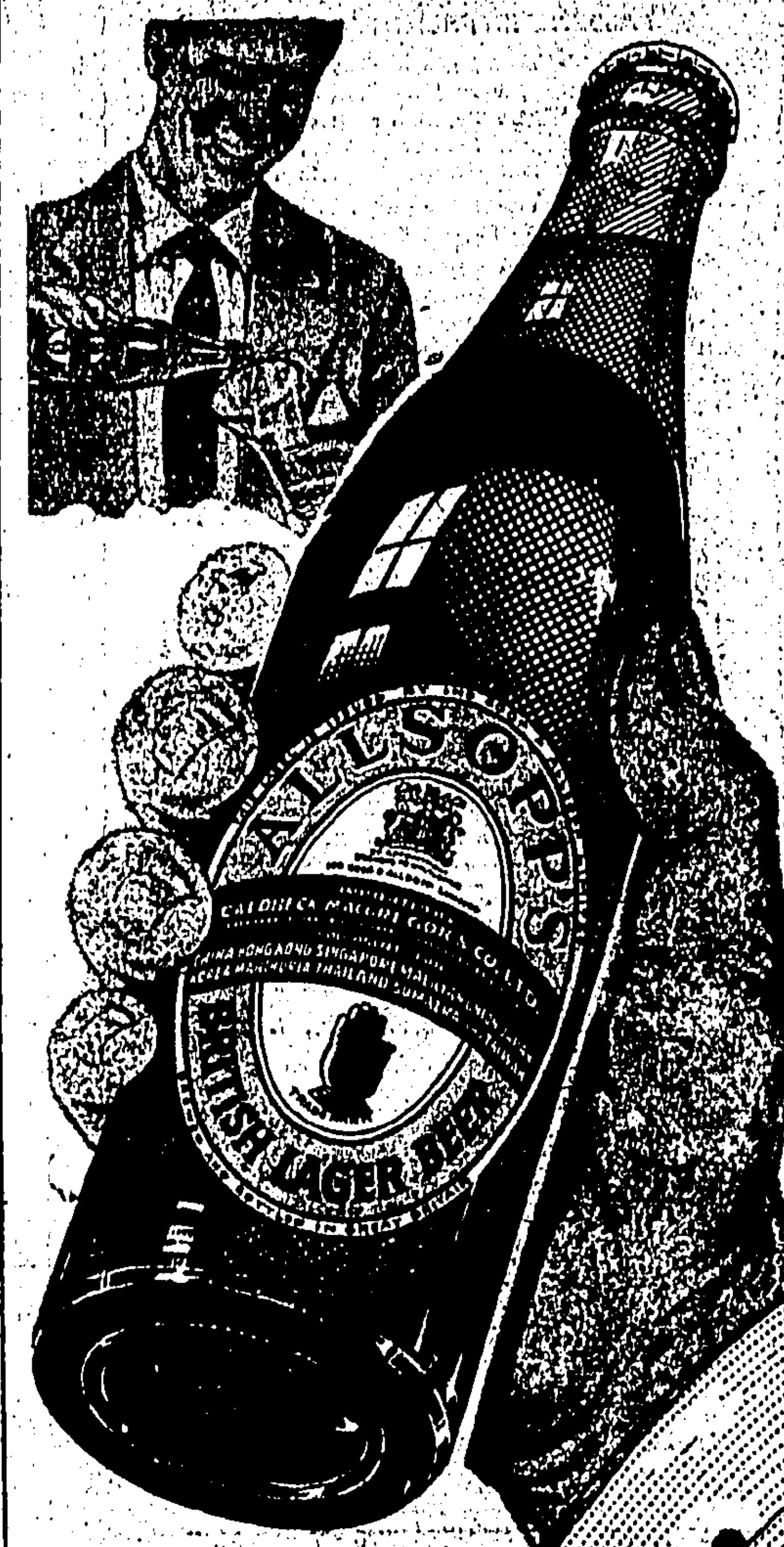
An analysis I have made of 14 innings played by ten different counties, shows the number of overs bowled for 200 runs to vary from 52 to 110, with an average of approximately 87.

These figures do not exaggerate the variation I have confirmed by reference to two County scorers.

The lead for a new ball being primarily a question of wear, runs are obviously an unsatisfactory unit of measurement, since a maiden over by this system causes no wear, which, as the mathematicians say, is absurd.

(London Express Service)

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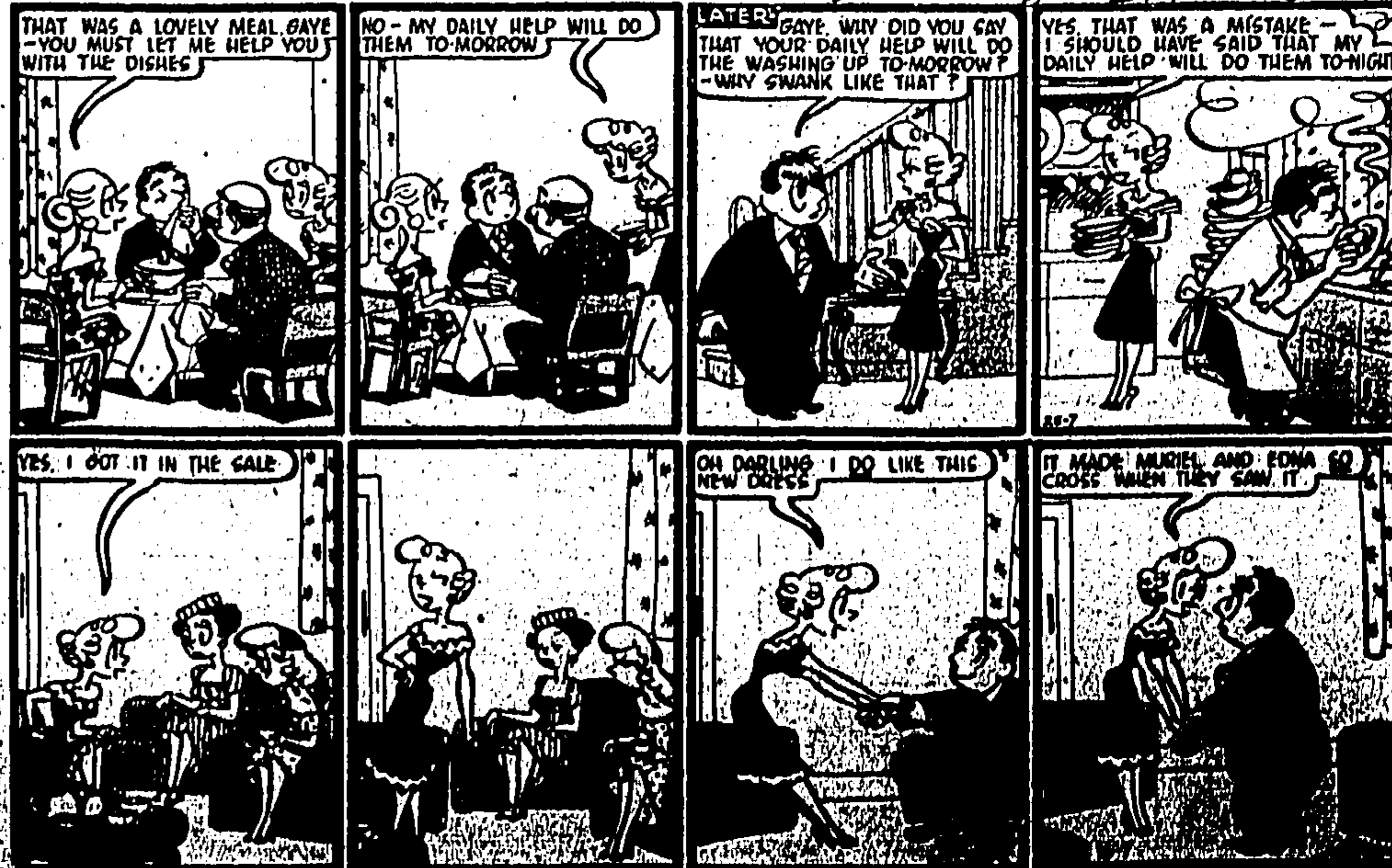


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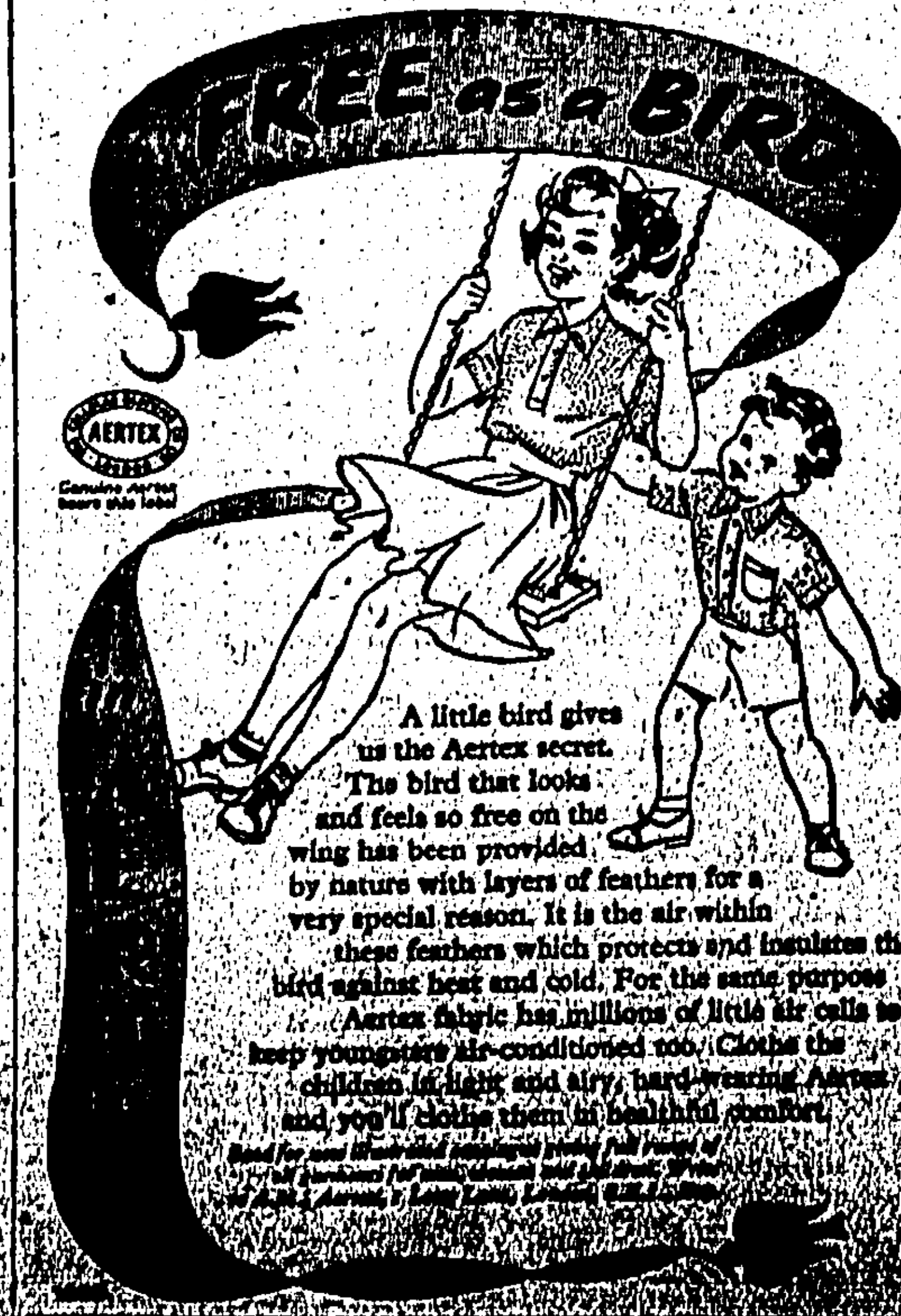
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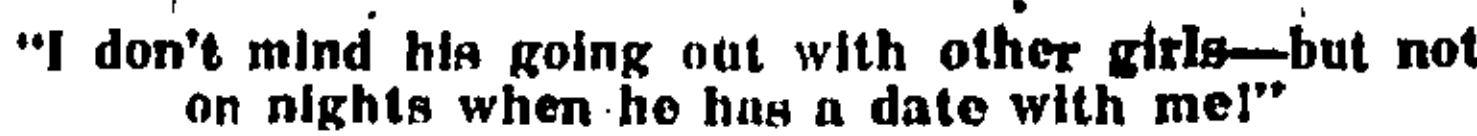
THE WEEK-END GAMBOLS

By Barry Appleby



Surf washes everything cleaner than anything.





IN today's Dartwords you begin with a **S** and end with a **G**—and with a giant **MASSOO**, and on your way you must use all the words in the circle so that the relationship between the words and the one next to it is suggested by one of its letters.

RULES

1. The word may be an anagram of the word in the preceding circle.
2. It may be a synonym of the word that precedes it.
3. It may be a word that rhymes with it.
4. It may be found by adding one letter to, or subtracting one letter from, or changing one letter in the preceding word.
5. It may be associated with the preceding word in a saying, metaphor, or association of ideas.
6. It may form part of the preceding word in a well-known phrase, place, or thing in fact or fiction.
7. It may be associated with the preceding word in a title or

in the action of a book, play, or other composition.

A typical succession of words might be: **Circle**—**Crib**—**Crab**—**Apple**—**Pile**—**Pig**—**Driver**—**Diver**—**Dover**—**Bole**—**Loose**—**Mislay**.

Across

1. These must, of course, be circular tours. (2, 5)
3. Singer tells how she dulled a dud dulled with him. (8)
5. You may break one when you argue. (5)
6. One may buy but mostly pet. (8)
11. Wartime ration item for which the baker gets into a little pium. (7)
14. Cap and d'bea courtiers. (7)
15. With this goes on many parade. (4)
16. Terror—but not initially. (5)
17. Direction for the service. (6)
20. Bats cry rum—let's crash up a little later. (4, 5)

Down

2. He's prominent in the racing news. (5)
3. Netted without the red centro. (4)
4. Hear all around. (8)
5. Pain got round the North-East. (6)
6. Smart wear for the girls shows them off pretty poorly. (6, 4)
7. Applied to waver, this quality is not really lasting. (10)
12. Roo goes back in time. (7)
13. Ho has an excessive interest in money matters. (8)
16. Line-up sounds like something from the eth. (8)
17. Content was expressed in feline manner with this.

1	2	3	4	5
(6)				
3				9
(10)		11		
		12		
14		13		
			15	16
18			19	
20				

Yesterday's solution

J	A	C	A	R	A	N	D	A
U	P	O	N	T	I	E	N	
N	O	R	M	A	L	I	A	N
C	U	R	E	H	E	F	E	
T	R	E	C	I	T	S	E	
U	A	C	K	O	F	A	N	
E	X	A	M	P	L	E	S	
E	K	E	R	L	E	S		
S	I	D	E	S	L	I	P	E

A large, stylized illustration of a Chinese deity, likely the God of Wealth, with a large, ornate headdress, a long beard, and a stern expression. He is holding a scroll in his right hand and a sword in his left hand. The background is dark and textured.

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of R) males.

Answer on Monday

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